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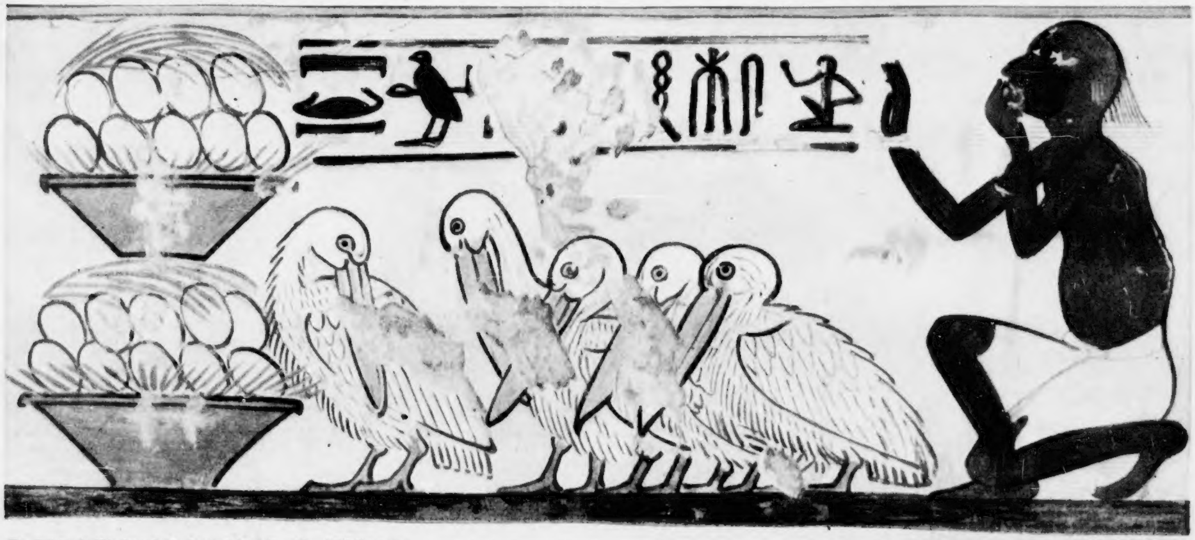
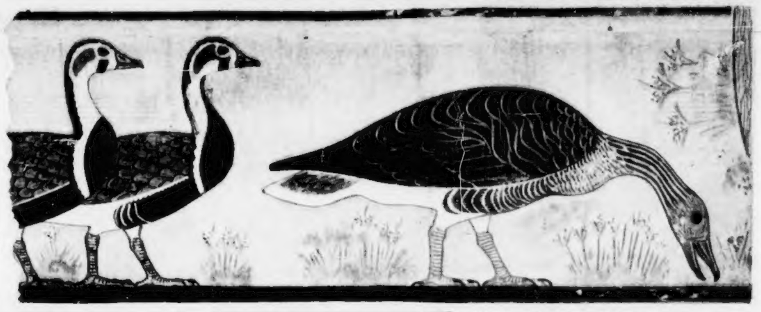
Sunday, Mar. 20, 1938

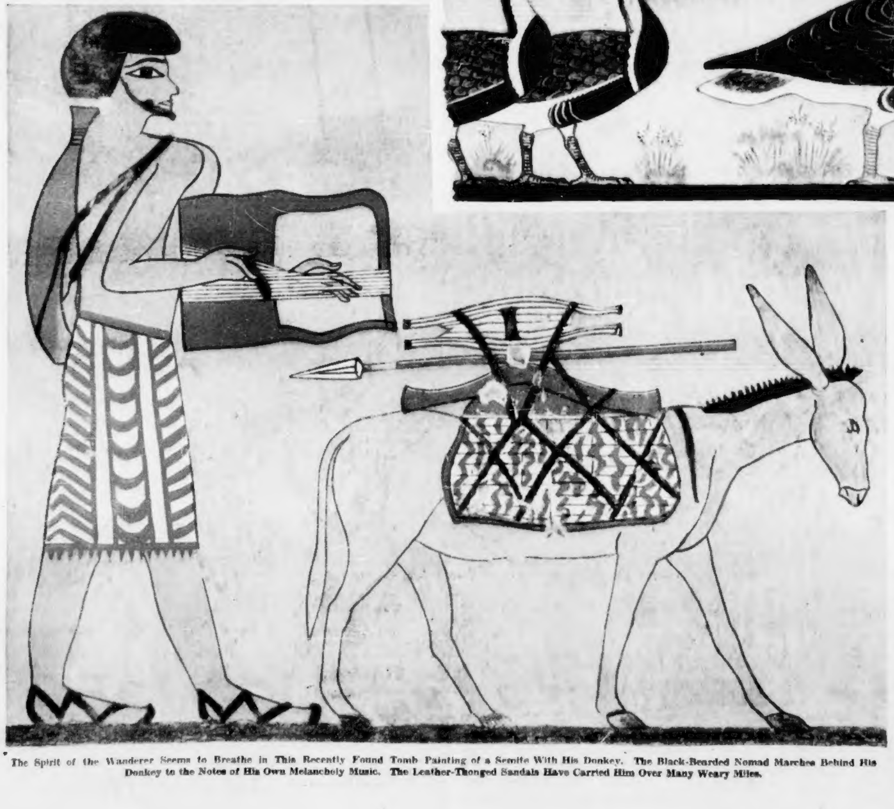
Newly Discovered Frescoes In Egyptian Tombs



The Pelicans in This Remarkable Fresco Painted More Than 3,000 Years Ago Look Shy as if They Are Embarrassed by the Size of the Eggs They Have Laid. The Trapper Holds His Mouth as Though to Silence Anyone Who Might Be Frightening the Birds Away. The Reproductions on This Page Are by Nina M. Davies as Published by the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago.



The Geese That Are Depicted Here Show a Detail Worthy of the Naturalist Audubon, Himself. Not Only the Graceful Fowl, Even the Delicate Plants Reveal the Artist's Minute Observation.



The Spirit of the Wanderer Seems to Breathe in This Recently Found Tomb Painting of a Semite With His Donkey. The Black-Bearded Nomad Marches Behind His Donkey to the Notes of His Own Melancholy Music. The Leather-Thonged Sandals Have Carried Him Over Many Weary Miles.

IT IS HARD to shake off the impression that there is something basically modern about ancient Egyptian art. It may be that this is the resemblance in sophistication between the Nile civilization and that of the present day. Or possibly great art of any age will stay modern because it is timeless.

Whatever the reason may be, proof that what is oldest may be most up-to-date is again brought out in these recently found Egyptian frescoes. They were painstakingly copied from originals in the tombs and were published for the first time recently by the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago. The work was done by Nina M. Davies, and the cost defrayed by John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

At the top of this page crouches a partly bald trapper, "Ptahmose, chief of the fowlers." His hand covers his mouth, but this is not to keep himself from laughing at the comical pelicans. It is to suggest silence to anyone who might want to scare the birds away. Pelicans, once common in Egypt, were popular as food. To the left are earthen vessels containing pelican eggs neatly packed in green grass. The grass keeps the eggs from rolling off and also helps to keep them fresh. The lively scene comes from a wall of Haremhab's tomb in Thebes and was made in the reign of Tuthmosis IV, 1420-1411 B. C.

The Semite with his donkey is much older than that. He comes from the tomb of Khenemhotpe, which dates back to the 20th Century before Christ. Apparently the tune that the wandering minstrel is playing on his lyre makes the donkey sad, too. The animal's sorrow is relieved in the picture by a bright saddle-cloth to which a spear and an unidentified object are strapped. The nomad's face and dress are foreign-looking compared with the Egyptian portraits in the same tomb.

At the city of Medum, in the tomb of Het, were found some of the oldest examples of Egyptian fresco known. Nearly 5,000 years have passed since the painting of the waddling geese shown on this page, yet in this case the first is also the finest, according to archaeologists. Now in Cairo Museum, the fowl are as realistic as if painted yesterday. They show a grace and accuracy with few parallels, ancient or new.

Punch-Drunk Boxers Helping Science Tests

THE prize ring is an excellent laboratory for the study of the human brain, science has now discovered. But what is to the advantage of the doctors hardly proves so for the boxers. Everybody knows about prize fighters getting "punch drunk," or vague in the head from taking too many of them on the chin.

It now turns out that even when the hitting is not severe enough to make the fighter "slap happy" and fit for the sanatorium, his memory may be severely affected, so that he becomes as absent-minded as the proverbial professor. In fact, in view of the recent scientific discoveries, it may be that the phrase will yet be changed to "the absent-minded boxer," in place of the stock professor.

Dr. C. E. Winterstein and Dr. E. Guttman, of Guy's Hospital, London, have made a report in "The Lancet," a British medical journal, which makes it clear that a fighter finds it easier to forget things the more he fights. The circumstances of the boxing ring were practically ideal for the experiments. For one thing, people will not ordinarily let an experimenter pound their heads until they drop unconscious. For another, no doctor could afford to pay for his experiments the way a "purse" in a prize-fight compensates such risks to the head.

Then, too, industrial or other accidents there usually are no reliable witnesses. It is all unexpected then, and the observation usually follows the event. But at a boxing bout everybody is watching for what may happen. Each boxer's head gets pounded a certain number of times in front of experienced and competent observers. The effect can be noted, and the number of punches can be counted from the films which often are taken of the prize-fight. There is a perfect "control" of the conditions, even to time divisions of "rounds," and so the doctors were able to work out everything on a reliable basis.

The scientists examined 50 professional boxers at various stages of their careers and found that few escape brain damage. The condition of being "punch-drunk" appears to be a gradual one. It affects body and mind, but its effect is not immediate from one blow. Rather it follows repeated blows and many fights, possibly because of many broken blood vessels and tiny blood clots scattered through the brain. It is this, and similar results of the shock, that cause the memory to work erratically.

The Scientists Made a First-hand Study of Hundreds of Knockouts by Blows to the Jaw. With Instruments and Charts They Recorded the Physical and Mental Effects of These Punishing Punches.

Even a single blow may ruin the memory for hours, and the London doctors have the records to show that many boxers can't recall what happened after the fight although at the time they seemed to be normal. This "dislocation" of memory is suspected by the experimenters to have made many promising boxers quit the game, among them the former heavyweight champion, Gene Tunney.

The British study concentrated on "typical knock-outs," or punches "on a point one-half inch to either side of the tip of the jaw, in the region of the so-called mental foramen." The reason given for picking knock-outs to study was that, although fighters react to most punches in different ways according to sensitivity, it is easier to be knocked out there than at any other point of the skull. Main effects of the knock-out are described as "a varying period of unconsciousness, a loss of muscle tone, and a change both in posture and in deep reflexes." When, as a result of such a blow, amnesia or "altered consciousness" took place, the doctors found the behavior of the prize-fighter most strange. One boxer forgot only what happened after he was hit, others believed they had not yet gone into the ring, long after it was all over.

"The last thing one boxer remembers," the experimenters said, "is the bell at the end of the fourth round. Then everything went blank. He next remembers arriving home that evening and seeing his mother.

"Later he hears from his friends that he won the fight, his opponent being disqualified for hitting him after the bell. His friends report that he was picked up by the referee after having been on the floor a few seconds. Without any assistance he left the ring, washed and dressed himself, fetched his money from the manager, went to the trolley and took four tickets for himself and for his three friends."

In one case, full recognition began in the train the morning after the fight in which he was knocked out in the first round. He inquired what town he was going to.

As a last example, there is the case of a boxer who remembers the fight only up to the fifth round. Recollection came back in the dressing-room, his first thought being, "Did I fetch my money." In spite of many indirect questions he was unable that evening to find out from his friends what the result of the fight was. As he did not wish to appear stupid by asking directly, he had to wait for next morning's paper to read of his victory on points.

Nearly half of the boxers studied were victims of such strange periods of forgetfulness. But other destructive processes are noted by the report. There are the familiar broken nose and "cauliflower" ear. There is the unsteady or even spasmodic walk. There is the fact that speech may become thick, slurred or hesitant. A vacant look comes into the eyes, the fighter can no longer concentrate, or he is suspicious. Or he becomes too talkative and too cheerful to be natural. In view of all this, an audience might think twice when, thirsting for blood, it wants the fight to be more savage than the boxers are making it. The spectators might remember that all they are risking is money. The boxer is risking a one-way trip to the "crazy house," the place where the "occupational disease" of boxers only too often brings them.

Found His Lost Love By Feigning Death In A Glass Coffin

EVERYBODY knows the fairy tale of "Snowdrop," the beautiful girl who was poisoned by the envious Queen and placed in a coffin of glass by the seven dwarfs. Now there has come to light a real counterpart of this in a near-tragedy outside Budapest. The event has been taken by many to mean that myths have their origins in actual events, and that even the fantastic happenings of fairy tales have a basis in fact.

In the story, a prince saved the girl from her living burial under glass. But in Hungary, the recent real-life episode reversed the parts. It was the man who was found, pale as death, in a crystal coffin, and the girl of his dreams who rescued him. But as in the legend, the end was the same—they married, and are living happily ever after.

It all began because Joseph Dudas, a gardener in Kispest, a suburb of Budapest, went into the capital city for a fling.

In the course of his holiday he wandered into a music hall. The world of the stage was to him a glamorous and desirable place. He longed after the tinsel and color which he watched from the wrong side of the footlights.

Suddenly there pirouetted into view a dancing juggler, a girl with long, lion-colored hair and a costume of spangled silk. She made pieces of lacquered wood fly through the air ever more rapidly until all he could see was a flash of color. It was the commonplace Indian club act. But to Dudas it was like magic performed by a princess the way the wood did tricks in the air at the command of her hands. Then she did an "entre chat" or twinkling of the toes as she jumped high into the air. And so she fled off the stage and apparently out of his life. Dudas went home as if in a daze; it was love at first sight. He could not sleep that night and the next day went back to Budapest. At the music hall he was told that the juggler, whose name is Janka Orosz, was gone—her contract there had expired.

In resigned grief he went home. He felt that it was just as well, she would have laughed at him had he, a poor gardener, tried to crash her strange world. Still, when a circus came to town, Dudas went to it in the spirit of one who wants to pay his respects to a memory. Any half hope he might have entertained vanished as the program progressed—Janka was not in the show. The second to last act was that of Janos Fekete, a thought-reader, hypnotist and magnetic phenomenon.

Fekete invited anybody in the audience to mount the platform. He said he would pay $5 to whoever was willing to be hypnotized and then placed in a glass coffin. Somehow the gruesome role appealed to Dudas, who was wishing he were dead—there seemed to be no chance of ever seeing Janka again. He volunteered.

Almost literally his wish for death came true. He was soon put into a trance and placed into the glass coffin by the hypnotist and a circus attendant. The glass lid was closed over him, and then he was carried off in a round of applause. A new number quickly followed.

He missed seeing Janka by just a day, the following day she was on the program. She had taken the circus job because of her dwindling resources, but the experience was hardly new to her. In seasons past she had filled up dull weeks by similar two-night appearances with traveling shows. In her dressing tent, getting ready for her first performance, she noticed that one of her props was missing. She could not go on without it, and in haste went out to the storage shed to look for a replacement.

At first, when she entered the dark, deserted shed, she could see nothing. Then her eyes made out a large, glass case. Thinking to look in back of it, she was leaning over when suddenly she was petrified with terror.

A man was lying in the glass coffin. His eyes were closed, his face was pale—he plainly appeared to be dead. But why was a corpse in a glass coffin hidden here? Janka screamed. In the street she found a policeman, who humored her as she babbled about a dead man in a crystal coffin—he followed her back to the circus.

There was no doubt about it, the crystal coffin contained a human being—but he was alive. The patrolman recognized the man as Dudas, the young gardener. An ambulance was called, but the hospital doctors could not help; they said the man was under a hypnotic spell.

Then Janka saw it all. She remembered having been told that the main attraction at the circus was Fekete the hypnotist. She suggested to the police that they ought to visit the hypnotist for an explanation. They did so; but Fekete, it turned out, hadn't planned it. At first astonished at the news, and then contrite, he insisted it was all a misunderstanding. He must have forgotten to wake up and pay off his "client" in a rush to keep an appointment.

The Man's Eyes Were Closed. His Face Was Pale. He seemed to Be Dead. Janka Screamed and Spectators Came Running. She Didn't Find Out Until Days Later That the Man Was In Love with Her.

The circus attendants were likewise astonished when questioned. They said they carried the coffin into the storage room, but left it in a hurry to bring in properties for the next act. They never thought to go back, assuming that as usual Fekete had paid the volunteer off. That was how it happened that nearly 24 hours had passed before Janka found the sleeping form in the coffin of glass.

But the hypnotist, no more than the doctors, could waken the half-suffocated man. For two days Dudas hovered between life and death. Had he died, a charge of manslaughter would have been brought against Fekete.

On the third day, when things looked blackest, Dudas opened his eyes. He saw a girl at his bedside watching anxiously. She looked like a princess, yet there was something familiar about her, as if he had met her in a dream. Then he recognized her. It was the girl in the music hall. As for Janka, she felt sorry for the young man who had nearly lost his life through the wicked carelessness of the hypnotist. Every day until he was allowed to leave the hospital, three weeks later, the girl stayed at the bedside of Dudas for as long as she was allowed to. Often he pinched himself to make sure it was not a dream. Here was this glamorous woman from the fabulous world of the stage interested in him. It was just like a fairy tale.

Like a fairy princess she had saved his life and nursed him back to health. No wonder he fell in love with her; but most marvelous of all, Janka returned his feelings. The day Dudas left the hospital, he proudly announced their engagement. Soon afterward they were married.

Fighting Over Millions That Nobody Can Spend

ORDINARILY, if a shipment of money is ordered from the printers, it is because the government needs the money. Then, if by chance the shipment is destroyed or sunk, new bills have to be printed. But what if, like dead men returning from the grave, the lost money should come back to plague its makers? Its return puts much more paper money on the market without increasing the gold or silver reserves behind it. This lowers the value of the money, and an embarrassing, if not serious, economic upset might follow.

A striking example of this danger is a case now up before the courts of Genoa, Italy. A company of Italian divers found just such a shipment of paper money on the bottom of the Mediterranean, and is now demanding to cash in on it. The company, formed two years ago, set out to salvage sunken cargoes with the steamer "Artoglio."

Then the men in the fantastic diving suits came across an undersea Eldorado. It was the S. S. "Egypt," a boat that sank 15 years ago with seven strong-boxes on board crammed with millions of dollars in brand-new paper money. The money was headed for India—it was an entire issue of rupee currency, printed for the Hyderabad government by the London firm of Waterloo and Sons. But the money on board the S. S. "Egypt" literally met its Waterloo when the ship went down with its precious cargo.

After the money sank and Hyderabad's shortage of bills became more severe, it was decided to print a new batch of bills. These were duly made and put in use. It was assumed that the "drowned" issue could be forgotten.

But trouble seemed to haunt the lost money. It was bad enough that the banknotes had been lost in the first place—but their recovery turned out to be an even worse blow. Everybody who has had anything to do with the "jinxed money" appears to regret it, even the finders.

After the first false joy they felt only disappointment. The wads of money with the language of India on them seemed as worthless in Italy as so much stage money. But they decided that their efforts ought not to be entirely wasted. They dried the bills and treated them with chemicals until they looked as good as new.

It was decided to convert them into tickets for a lottery arranged by a charitable institution. A new text could be stamped over the bills for this purpose. But before the transformed bills could be used, the Italian divers found themselves sued from all sides.

The Nizam of Hyderabad, to whom the money had been addressed, together with the firm of Waterloo and Sons which had printed it, demanded that the rupee notes should be returned to their lawful owners or destroyed. The company insuring the shipment also chimed in.

In the suit against the divers it is argued that the rupee notes were regarded as lost and beyond recall. If put into circulation, the bills might upset the equilibrium of Hyderabad. True, the divers plan to use the currency only for a lottery. But even with new lettering printed on them, the bills would still look like the real thing to natives of India who can't read or write. Unscrupulous persons, it was asserted, might carry the "lottery" bills into India. The natives wouldn't know the difference.

The divers say justice is on their side. According to international maritime law, they say, all cargoes raised from wrecks 10 years after sinking are regarded as derelict goods and the rightful property of those who brought them to the surface. Besides, the job of salvaging the boxes is worth $10,000, according to the company.

The Nizam of Hyderabad spurned the price set and offered a mere $1,000. But the salvaging company points out that the National Bank of Indo-China recently paid $3,000 for a few boxes lifted by divers from the sea. Yet the Nizam's strong boxes were much deeper and involved more work and expense to bring to the surface.

The irony is that the banknotes are not even legal as they stand. They were never finished—one signature needed to make them spendable is still missing. The cautious Nizam, fearing that his money might be stolen or damaged in transit, had insisted on this precaution. That, he thought, would protect him. But, to make doubly sure, he insured it. For all his caginess, he is still in a mess over the apparently worthless millions he never got.

How Fattened Microbes May Replace Food

"BRING hither the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat and be merry," said the father of the prodigal son in the Bible story when this son returned after having squandered his share of the family fortune.

But this old Biblical custom probably is a thing of the past, and what happens to the prodigal son of the future may be a different story. Instead of commanding that a calf be killed the father may say, "Bring on the fatted microbes from Vat No. 23. They have been on the job for six days and should be in their prime."

If the son's wanderings have been long and if he has not kept up on his scientific information, he may be seized with fear and trembling lest the father, unwilling to forgive and forget, is about to give his son a dish of the germs of some dreadful disease. The boy need not be afraid, for this is merely the latest creation of science in the way of delicacies.

Everyone knows of the deadly invisible germs that seem to come "out of the nowhere" bringing epidemics of smallpox, influenza and other severe diseases. However, scientists trying to separate the sheep from the goats are finding many microbes that are helpful instead of harmful. One of these discoveries is that of scientists of the Fermentation Institute at Berlin, Germany, who announce that at last they have found microbes able to eat and eat until they are "fat as a pig" or a table goose. It is reported that these fat little germs may make an excellent substitute for butter, lard, salad oil and all fats necessary for cooking, as well as for oils used in factories.

Many people have been taught to believe that a germ will get you if you don't watch out, and so probably would refuse to eat delicious doughnuts cooked in "oil of microbes," or other microbial dainties. But not so in Germany, where fat and oil are scarce and every individual has to give his pedigree before he can get a certificate entitling him to his small ration each day. A miracle like that of the Biblical widow's jar of oil which was so mysteriously kept filled would be a boon to the German people but does not seem to be available.

In an effort to become a self-sufficient nation, using only things that are made at home, Germany does not want to import fats, so the nation's brow has been furrowed trying to solve the problem. Olive trees do not grow in Germany to produce olive oil. There is no cottonseed to produce cottonseed oil. While peanuts can be grown for peanut oil, they take up too much valuable land. Feeding cattle or other animals to fatten them uses even more land.

The Day May Not Be Far Off When Fattened Microbes Will Be Used in Place of Butter, Salad Oil, Lard, and So on, Because of Recent Discoveries by German Scientists Searching for Food Substitutes.

For this reason, German scientists have been lying awake at night and brooding in laboratories in the day time trying to hatch up a scheme for making fat for the Fatherland. Several years ago they found one little "bug" which they called Endomyces vernalis—perhaps Endy for short—and which could be made to stuff itself when placed in a tank of solution containing sawdust-sugar. The appetite of Endomyces, however, was not big enough to make all the fat needed for the nation. Now, after several years, another contestant has entered the race and many scientists are placing their bets on Oidum lactis, the new entrant, as a bigger eater and quicker fat-producer than Endomyces vernalis. Perhaps both will become little heroes if they can save the day for the German fat and oil industry.

Many a German farmer may give up pig-pens and pastures and instead have rows of neatly labelled tanks full of busy microbes meeting this supreme national need.

The fact of microbes helping to feed humanity is nothing new but like all the instruments of progress it now comes in for its share of improvement. Dipping a dinner of microbes out of a culture solution will be much easier for the bridge-loving housewife than the old way of using microbes in the tedious processes of making bread, cheese, beer and wine, customary chores of her forbears.

The children, and grown-ups too, soon may be able to get most of their vitamins by a similar process of scooping these aids to health out of tanks of germs. A recent report to the American Chemical Society states that Vitamin C, which prevents scurvy and is obtained from juices of oranges, limes and similar fruits as well as from many vegetables, now can be made by help of special microbes which have been trained to make out of corn syrup a chemical raw material for this vitamin. In place of the usual order of orange juice for breakfast a man some day may go into a restaurant and order a glass of the "Nectar of Acetobacter suboxydans," so named in honor of the little helpers in the manufacture of synthetic Vitamin C.

Even perfumes, including the fashionable French odor named "fresh plowed earth," are among the manufacturing accomplishments of microbes.

Microbes not only may contribute the food at the dinner party and the perfume which a woman wears to the party, but the snowy white linen tablecloth which sets off the dinnerware so handsomely actually is the result of a feast of millions of microbes long before the hostess bought and used it. The preparation of the fibers of flax for linen fabrics would be impossibly laborious and expensive without the aid of microbe laborers to eat these fibers clean in the process of "retting," used before the fibers are made into cloth.

So many jobs are opening up for microbe workers that no one need worry about microbial unemployment, whatever may be true of the pigs or fat geese or even human farmers whose jobs the microbes take.

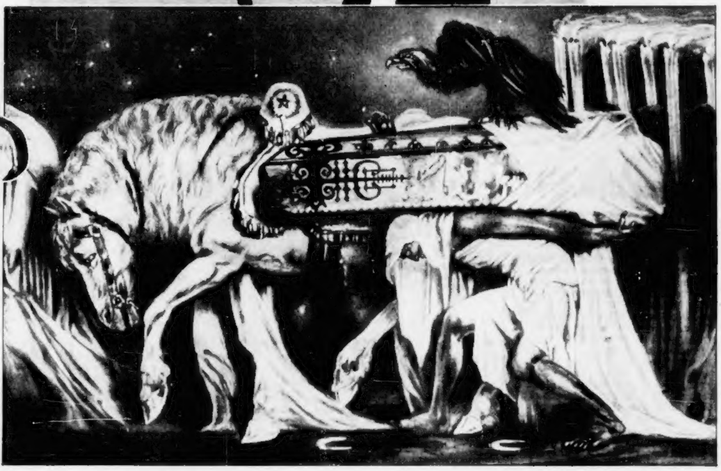
Mystery of the Famous Symphony's "Fatal Music"

Director Kolar's Refusal to Play Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony, on the Ground That It Always Kills Someone, Recalls Other "Cursed Melodies" and Even Entire Operas Which Must Never Be Heard

Pictorial Image of a Passage in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony by Artist Segrelles, Showing Fate Knocking at the Door of Life.

A Fantastic Painting by the Famous Artist, Jose Segrelles, Interpreting Music in Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata"—a Satyr Pursuing a Winged Shape of Light Which He Has Lured by a Crimson Flower.

Victor Kolar, Internationally Known Symphony Orchestra Conductor, Who Refused to Play Tschaikowsky's Symphony "Pathetique" Because "It is deadly poison."



"Nothing remains but golden footprints of the faithful charger, as if to remind us 'Here is the path which a hero trod.'"

Remarkable Imaginative Painting by Segrelles, Inspired by Beethoven's Third Symphony, "Eroica," Whose Original Title of "Napoleon Bonaparte" the Democratic Composer Changed When the First Consul Became Emperor.

"NO, ANYTHING but that. It is dangerous music, deadly poison to some persons," said Victor Kolar, in Detroit, the other day, as he flatly refused to direct Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony for Miss Olga Fricker, well-known dancer. "There isn't money enough in the world to make me play the 'Pathetique' again."

The surprised and disappointed dance creator reminded the Hungarian conductor that she had ordered costumes and done much choreographic work, surely he would not have all that thrown away for a superstition.

"It is not a superstition," Kolar answered. "In the last quarter century I have played that movement just fifteen times and each of those fifteen times, someone, usually a close friend, has immediately died. If I put something in people's food fifteen times and each time somebody promptly died, I wouldn't keep on doing it unless I enjoyed the thought that I was killing people.

"I don't know how poison music works nor have I any idea why cyanide or arsenic makes people die, but it is not superstition that keeps me from putting such stuff in a guest's coffee. Death music is not harmful to everybody. I consider that Sixth one of the grandest symphonies ever written and it has no evil effects on me nor probably on most persons, but then some people are immune to rattlesnake venom.

"Music is a language of the emotions, somewhat as words are the language of the intellect. Speeches inciting to crime or suicide, have little effect on most people but they are poisonous enough to some minds so that the authorities think it advisable to silence such orators. One of the first discoveries about music seems to have been that certain forms have the strange power of reversing the most important of all instincts, that of self-preservation. For quite different motives armies and churches have used music to weaken the natural terror of death.

"Of course I knew that Tschaikowsky himself died right after he conducted an orchestra in the first playing of that symphony and that many said he committed suicide. Also I knew that the truth was more likely that he was dying on his feet of cholera when he directed it. Just a coincidence. His nephew took his life a few days later but that was another coincidence. I knew too that a youth named Ossip Gabrilovitch watched him from the gallery on that occasion because I was later his assistant in the Detroit Symphony Orchestra.

"On March 25, 1935, this same Gabrilovitch, then world-famous, conducted a program in Orchestra Hall, Detroit, which ended with that fatal Sixth. And it was his last. Just as forty-two years before the composer had played it and died from some sort of intestinal trouble, now Gabrilovitch, the pupil, did exactly the same thing. But that second coincidence, startling though it was, would have made no impression by itself.

"It all began while I was directing with the New York Symphony Orchestra under Walter Damrosch," Kolar said. "I noticed then that the death of someone among my acquaintances followed each performance of the Sixth, which is among the most popular of the symphonies.

"Year by year the toll mounted. Every time the 'Pathetique' was played by one of my orchestras, a friend, an associate, or a friend of a member of my family died.

"Then, seven years ago, when the deaths of two of the members of the Detroit Symphony followed the performance of the 'Pathetique,' I decided to avoid playing it whenever I could. One of the men was my first clarinet player, and one of my dearest friends. (The clarinet player was Ray Schmidt, a veteran of the symphony orchestra.)

"In Chicago, during the World Fair, I directed the orchestra twice daily for four and a half weeks without repeating a composition. We had about exhausted the available symphonic literature, and were trying to decide what to play at the next performance.

"Murray G. Paterson, manager of the orchestra, suggested that same Tschaikowsky Sixth or 'Pathetic,' as it is sometimes spelled. I shook my head.

"Paterson said to me: 'Come, now, Victor, surely you don't expect me to believe that you put any store in that crazy superstition. Go ahead and play it and you'll see that nothing comes of it.'"

Reluctantly Kolar agreed and with misgivings that were almost a feeling of guilt, he caused those beautiful but deadly sounds to fill the ears of a great audience. Nothing happened, everyone went home seemingly in good health and spirits, but all that night he kept waking up with a sense of remorse and at dawn came a message that his best friend had plunged to death from a hotel window.

"That was the end," Kolar says. "Nothing in the world can influence me to lead it again."

In Mr. Kolar's own Hungary, they had to stop a song called "Gloomy Sunday" because it caused an epidemic of suicides, but he does not consider that a fair sample of "poisonous" music, because it is a song with depressing words and there is no proof that the music by itself would have killed anyone. But how does the poison work?

A man receives a message in ordinary words that his fortune has been swept away or a woman that the man she loves has deserted her and everyone understands why they take poison or jump out the window. But how can beautiful sounds, produced by instruments persuade a person who hears them that it would be a good idea to throw himself in front of a railroad train?

That is something which probably no musician will ever be able to explain in words. He gets the message as music and can only retell it in music to listeners who may not get it at all because it is to them a foreign tongue. All artists seem to be much alike in their extra sensibility. Music often gets its message over to painters, but their dominant sense is sight, not hearing, and their brain promptly translates the message into terms of their favorite sense.

Miss Olga Fricker, the Classical Dancer, for Whom Conductor Kolar Refused to Play the "Pathetique" Because, as He Said, He Had Played It Fifteen Times and Every Time He Did Some Friend Died.

This kind of artist "sees" it in the form of pictures in his mind. Such mental pictures can be transferred to canvas and sometimes a painter does so. One of these is the well-known Spanish artist, Jose Segrelles, but the composer who caused pictures to explode in his mind was not Tschaikowsky but Beethoven.

Beethoven's most popular work, the third symphony, "Eroica," was first dedicated to Napoleon Bonaparte when the composer supposed that the great military genius was conquering the world in the interests of humanity. But when, as seems inevitable, he turned into an Emperor, the equivalent of the modern iron-fisted dictator, the disappointed musician changed the title to "Eroica." Senor Segrelles, when he heard the "Eroica," saw a riderless horse, a mysterious mourning figure, a coffin carried by a staggering slave, a vulture and tall candles, guttering in the wind. The message is that death conquers conquerors, nullifying all they have done and yet the horse leaves golden hoofprints to remind us that a hero once passed that way.

To some minds the logic of that message would be that if death makes a failure even of the superman, then life is just a futile struggle. Why not adopt the suicide's defeatist philosophy of surrendering to the grim reaper at once?

Equally pessimistic is the painting evoked by the "Moonlight Sonata" which the painter sees as the tragedy of virtue. In his own words Segrelles describes his picture as follows:

"Vice uses the mystery of the night, and in the guise of the scarlet flower he falsely cultivates, lures the spotless one to rest. Then the monster pursues and attacks her, till she perishes in the claws of Vice, beneath an outraged moon, blushing with shame."

Segrelles does not feel all of Beethoven's music as a death-call or even as pessimistic. He interprets a passage of the Sonata in F Minor, as the love kiss and to depict its grandeur, paints the birth of a new sun in the heavens. The Sonata in C Minor Segrelles thinks of as a musical monument and visualizes as a mighty man carved out of a cliff.

Music has been banned as cursed before, in fact a whole opera, "Charles VI," by Jacques Halevy, stands that way in the history of music. Eugene Massol, noted French tenor, wrote it and played the title role at its Paris opening in 1849. It ran for three successive nights but each time Massol sang his aria, "O God Kill Him," someone dropped dead in the house. First it was a stagehand up in the fly gallery, the second night it was M. Durand, a box holder, and eminent patron of the opera and on the third it was Habenich, the orchestra leader.

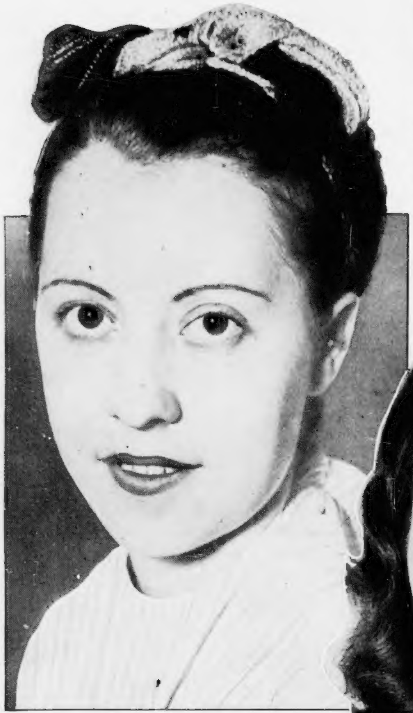
At Massol's suggestion the opera was discontinued but nine years later, Napoleon III became annoyed at the superstitious talk and ordered it revived, even commanding Massol to come out of retirement to sing the title role again. But despite an Emperor's command that opera was destined not to be heard even to this day. All was in readiness awaiting only the arrival of His Imperial Majesty but instead came an order that the curtain was not to be rung up.

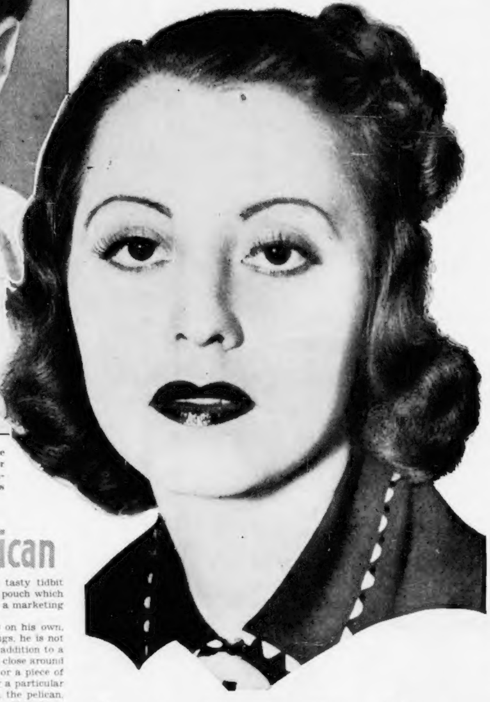
On its way the Imperial coach had been attacked by the anarchist, Orsini, and though Napoleon was uninjured, 56 people were killed and many injured. The Emperor was no longer anxious to kill superstition for he had become superstitious himself.

One of the queerest musical curses is that fastened to the Barcarolle from the "Tales of Hoffman." The opera itself was written by Offenbach, but not that one song. As a child in Germany Offenbach had heard it all but the last few bars which fascinated and tantalized him until, as a man, he set out to run the thing down. He learned that the author, Rudolph Zimmer, had gone to America and thither Offenbach followed the trail. In New York he was informed positively that Zimmer had died and was buried in a Brooklyn cemetery. Returning to Vienna, his cab ran over a man almost dead from

(Continued on Page 20)

Where "Gilding the Lily" Is an Art





The Photographs Above and At the Right Are Pictures of the Same Girl, Before a Hollywood Make-Up Expert Worked His Magic on Her Features, and When the Remarkable Job Was Finished. These Comparison "Shots" Explain Why So Many of the Screen's Glamor Girls Are Just Ordinarily Good-Looking When the "Lily Hasn't Been Gilded."

IT is one thing for a glamorous movie star to face the lens when she is made up to play her part, but it is something else again when a camera suddenly snaps at her, catching her without her stage make-up. It is so different, in fact, that many people find it hard to believe that the candid photograph of a prominent star who has been taken unawares on the street is the same beautiful creature seen on the stage or screen. It is no longer a secret that, without the services of expert make-up men, many of the stars of Hollywood wouldn't shine as brilliantly as they do.

To a make-up artist a face, no matter how famous the woman behind it, is just a face. It is the blank canvas of a painter. But the make-up man has problems which the painter hasn't. In the first place, he works in three dimensions instead of two. Secondly, he starts with a handicap. He can't rub out any feature that already has been contributed by nature. He can only subdue or emphasize it.

In spite of these disadvantages he is doing a most unusual job in turning ugly ducklings into resplendent Cinderellas with the aid of brushes and pencils, powder, rouge and paint. A typical example of his highly developed art may be seen in the two photographs of the girl at the left.

The first illustration shows an actress without make-up, as she might be caught by the cold, unblinking eye of the candid camera after emerging from a dip at the beach. Slight imperfections in the skin of her face are obvious. Her unevenly scattered freckles show. Her eyebrows do not form a properly curved complement to the other lines of her face. She apparently has no lower and only a few upper eyelashes.

A make-up man would notice all these things after taking one quick glance at her face, and, if she were assigned to him, as this young lady was, he immediately would do something about it.

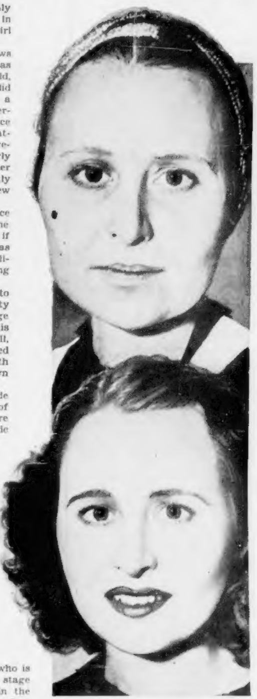
The first thing he did was to give her skin a smooth, velvety appearance and apply lip rouge to impart a soft delicacy. This required a high degree of skill, for the powder and rouge added had to harmonize perfectly with the natural colorings of her own complexion.

Next the upper lip was made fuller with the application of lip rouge. The eyebrows were carefully studied and then made into an artistic part of the general facial curves. Finally, the under eyelids were delicately shaded, and thus, with the glamor added, the subject's face became transformed. Starting with a set of rather plain features, the make-up expert created a beauty.

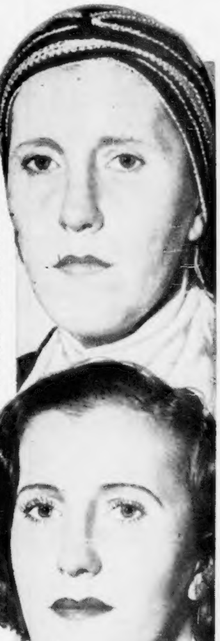
Because the girl being made up had regular features and no outstanding defects, the make-up man made her beautiful with the adroit and speedy professional skill with which he has treated dozens of others in his charge.

All cases are not so easy, however. Occasionally a star who is an outstanding success on the stage signs a contract to appear in the movies, and the large nose, receding chin or wrinkles which managed to get by behind the footlights threaten to become appalling when subjected to screen close-ups. But even these obstacles to glamor don't baffle the experienced make-up man. While he can't cut, as does a plastic surgeon, he can camouflage, and he can also direct attention away from the imperfect feature by clever use of brush and pencil.

Wrinkles and sagging chin, for example, may be concealed by artfully employing court-plaster to "take up the slack."



Another Masterpiece of a Hollywood Make-Up Artist Is the Striking Change in the Face—Yes, Both Are the Same Girl—in the Composite Picture Above.



After a Careful Study of a Rather Plain Set of Features (At the Top) the Master of Make-Up "Remodeled" Lips, Brows, Lashes and Coiffure, Achieved Just the Right Balance and Coloring and (At the Bottom) Created a Face That Would Be Noticed in Any Company.

A Wonderful Bird Is the Pelican

BECAUSE the droll antics and quaint conceits of the pelican have been repeatedly chronicled in jingles and rhymes, he is undoubtedly one of the best-known birds in the feathered kindom. In spite of this he still has a peculiar trick up his sleeve—or rather, in his big, ungainly bill, as William La Varre, explorer and photographer, discovered on a recent expedition to South America.

Mr. La Varre found that the eating habits of the pelican who lived along the jungle-bordered rivers were as different from those of the bird's pampered cousins in zoos and tourist resorts as the bucket of a steam shovel is from a spoon.

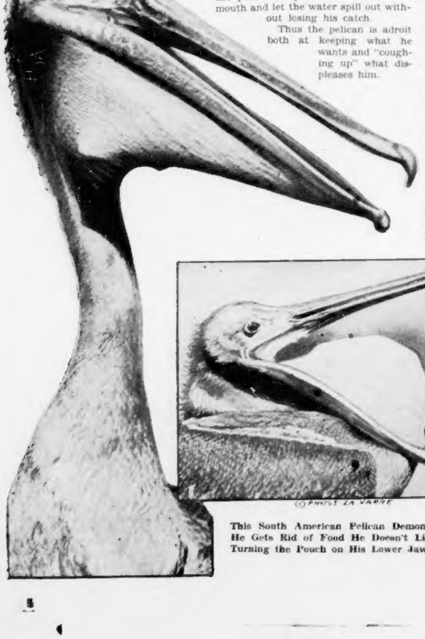
When a pelican opens his scooplike bill to catch something thrown to him by a tourist he is reasonably sure that a succulent fish or other tasty tidbit will bounce into the large pouch which hangs beneath his bill like a marketing basket.

But when the pelican is on his own, in less civilized surroundings, he is not so certain of his food. In addition to a fish, his unwieldy bill may close around a highly indigestible rock or a piece of water-soaked wood. Being a particular as well as a peculiar bird, the pelican, therefore, gets rid of the inedible object with neatness and dispatch.

He can eject the unwanted item without the slightest trouble by flipping his pouch upward so that it turns inside out and it bounces right out of his bill like a diver off a springboard. The photographs, taken by Explorer La Varre, show just how ingeniously nature fashioned the pelican's beak and how it may be used.

As may be seen in the illustration at the left, the long bill, droll as it may look, is thoroughly practical as a fishing net. In using it for this purpose, the pelican may hold the fish in his mouth and let the water spill out without losing his catch.

Thus the pelican is adroit both at keeping what he wants and "coughing up" what displeases him.



PHOTOS LA VARRE

This South American Pelican Demonstrates How He Gets Rid of Food He Doesn't Like—By Just Turning the Pouch on His Lower Jaw Inside Out.

Floating "Armor" For Shipwreck Victims

ALMOST since the first day that primitive man straddled a log and propelled himself through the water with his hands inventors have been busy devising contrivances to lessen the peril of drowning which is invariably present when a craft is wrecked. The latest of these devices is a novel life-preserver invented by a Mr. Traugott Beck of New York City.

For a long time Mr. Beck has contended that the regulation life-preserver which the law requires on board vessels in sufficient number to equip each passenger and member of the crew, is a misnomer. It might prevent its wearer from drowning if used properly but it did not go far enough in preserving life from other attendant perils when a ship went to the bottom. These hazards, he pointed out, include death by starvation or exposure if a person is in the water for a long time before being rescued. Depending upon where the craft foundered there might also be additional perils which the helpless victim might have to face, such as sharks and other hungry denizens of the deep.

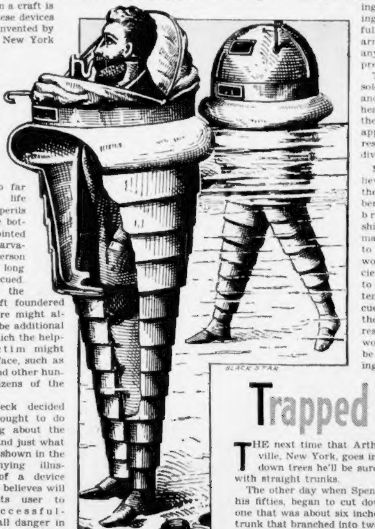
Mr. Beck decided that he ought to do something about the matter, and just what he did is shown in the accompanying illustration of a device which he believes will enable its user to cope successfully with all danger in case of shipwreck.

The contrivance not only provides a means of flotation but supplies complete shelter to its occupant. Inside the enlarged upper chamber there are compressed foodstuffs and food extracts as well as drinking water sufficient to feed a person for a whole month. The top of this chamber is enclosed by a hood in which a small window is built. This enables the user to be comfortable even in a raging gale. Breathing is done through a specially designed pipe.

The lower part of the device is just as ingenious, not only furnishing warm, waterproof clothing for the user but also metal tubing, which looks exactly like a huge collapsible drinking cup. When this tubing is pulled out to its fullest extent, complete armor is provided against any possible onslaughts of preying fish.

The outfit is intended solely as a life-preserver and, therefore, keeps the head of the user above the water, although from appearances it rather resembles a type of diving apparatus.

Mr. Beck believes that with the upper chamber painted a bright red or shining white, in marked contrast to the water, it would be sufficiently noticeable to attract the attention of a rescue craft. From the deck of the rescuing vessel it would appear to be a large drifting buoy.



BLACK STAR

An Elaborate Life-Saving Outfit Which Has Yet to Be Put to Practical Use, Although It Has Been Patented. The Inflated Suit Is Covered by Lightweight Metal Rings as Protection Against Rocks and Deep-Water Denizens.

Trapped by a Tree

THE next time that Arthur Spencer of Dansville, New York, goes into the woods to chop down trees he'll be sure to select only those with straight trunks.

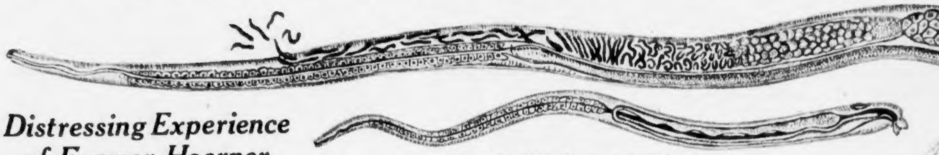
The other day when Spencer, who is a man in his fifties, began to cut down a tree, he picked one that was about six inches in diameter with a trunk that branched into two limbs five feet from the ground. Ordinarily an expert woodsman, he slipped as the tree began to fall and he involuntarily put out his left hand to steady himself against the trunk.

His hand missed the trunk, landed in a crotch, and when the tree fell it held his arm as securely as a bear trap.

No sooner was he transfixed in the vise-like grip of the tree than a snowstorm blew up, followed by freezing temperatures. By painful maneuvering, however, Spencer managed to work out of the trap before he collapsed from cold and hunger.

Two days later, gaunt with hunger and scarcely able to speak, Spencer staggered to a farmhouse. Then he was rushed to a hospital and treated for his badly crushed left hand, shock and exposure.

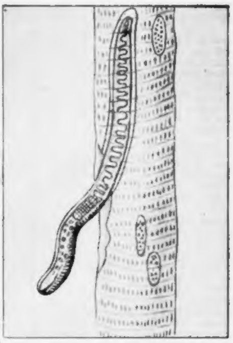
Cook Your Pork Well and you Won't Get Trichinosis



The Female Trichina, Enormously Enlarged, Showing the Evolution of Her Eggs Into the Emerging Young. The Smaller Worm Is the Male, Which Dies After the Female Is Fertilized.

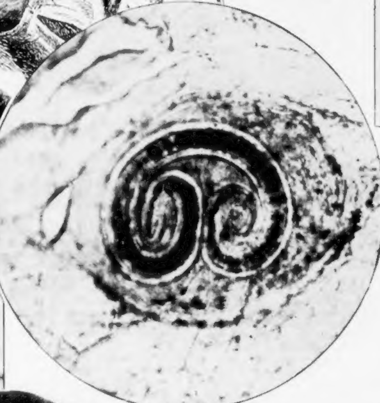
Distressing Experience of Farmer Hoerner and His 31 Children and Grandchildren With the Meat Moses Forbade, Draws Attention Anew to the Only Way of Making It Safe to Eat

When Patriarch Hoerner and His Huge Family Began Their Cavalcade From the Dust-infested Region of South Dakota to Montana, They Took the Hogs With Them, Never Suspecting That in Each Animal Were Lurking the Tiny Worms That Made Death and Malady Traveling Companions of Them All.



Drawing From an Enlarged Microscopic Photo of, a Trichina Embryo Wriggling and Eating Its Was Into the Substance of a Muscle Fiber, Where It Presently Will Curl Up Inside a Cyst Like That Shown at the Left.

Hogs That Eat Raw or Half-Cooked Pork Scraps Are Quickly Infested With the Troublesome Worms, Hence a Movement Among Wise Farmers to Keep the Pens and Animals as Sanitary as Possible.



A Remarkable Microphotograph of a Full-Grown Trichina Safely and Finally Lodged Inside a Human Muscle, the Source and Cause of Sickness and Suffering Nothing Can Cure, and Which May Continue for Twenty Years.

Particularly Likely to Pick Up the Worms Is the Razor-Back Hog, a Variety Which Prevails in the Southwest and Eats Wild Rats or Almost Any Other Food.

THIRTY-THREE members of the Hoerner family trekked last November from their drought-ridden farm in North Dakota to a new farm in a more hopeful region of Montana. Family, livestock, wagons and automobile trucks formed a slow-moving caravan; but one member went along whose presence no one suspected. That member was Death, riding in the bodies of the family herd of hogs.

Soon after the Hoerners were settled in an old-fashioned mansion which the parents, children and grandchildren had scraped up money to start buying, Death decided to strike. Medical science saved most of the victims, but more than forty people became mysteriously ill, including nurses who came to help the first victims and neighbors who also tried to aid. Death's messenger was the tiny but virulent worm called trichina, traveling in the hogs' bodies and gaining entry to the bodies of its human victims when these victims carelessly ate pork that had not been thoroughly cooked.

Ages ago Moses or the medical advisers he is supposed to have taken with him out of the land of Egypt, evidently knew about these pork worms or, at least, about their effects. Good fires to make sure of absolutely complete cooking were unlikely to be obtainable during the forty-years' journey of the Children of Israel through the treeless desert.

So Moses prohibited pork altogether as an article of food. By the time that the great Israelitish caravan reached the land of Canaan and again could get plenty of wood and good ovens for thorough cooking of everything, Moses was dead. Had he lived he might have rescinded his command in favor of proper directions about cooking pork.

As it is, neglect of Moses' regulation, and of the more modern and equally scientific one of always cooking pork thoroughly all the way through before it is used for food, is responsible for incidents like that of the Hoerner family and for an untold amount of sickness and pain among millions of other Americans.

In an article published by Hygeia, official health magazine of the American Medical Association, Mr. David O. Woodbury estimates that between 10,000,000 and 20,000,000 of present-day Americans have thousands of these worms lurking in the body's muscles, especially in the breathing muscle or diaphragm between the chest and the abdomen. Other experts have made even larger estimates. It is not at all impossible that one person out of each four in the United States is thus infested with the trichina worm.

It is obvious that most of the victims do not die. After a more or less severe illness, usually diagnosed as typhoid fever, intestinal flu, rheumatism or something else, the victim recovers and may feel entirely well. Yet the worms are still there, buried as living corpses in the body's muscles and probably responsible for large amounts of ill health.

Professor James B. McNaught of the Medical College of Stanford University in San Francisco, found living worms in diaphragm muscle taken at post-mortem from many bodies whose owners never knew what they were harboring. Many of these people, Professor McNaught reports, previously had suffered from muscular or joint pains or from digestive of intestinal disturbances without suspecting what was wrong.

"It is probable", he writes, "that some of the vague muscle aches and abdominal upsets which pass undiagnosed are actually light infestations of these worms."

In the acute stage of an infestation, when the worms still are living in the victim's intestines and have not yet moved into the muscles, there are a few things that the doctors can do to relieve an attack and make its final results less serious; as was done in the Hoerner cases as soon as someone realized what really was the matter. But after the worms have spread out through the body there is no cure. For twenty or thirty years, perhaps even longer, the living worm will be waiting, each in its tiny limy case inside the fibers of the muscles. No one ever has discovered any way to kill these worms without also killing the animal or human being in whose muscles they are. Trichinosis, the disease they cause, is one of the few diseases still regarded as hopelessly incurable.

Yet prevention is extremely simple, if everyone merely followed the rule of thorough cooking for every scrap of pork that is to be eaten.

The only safe protection, says Mr. Woodbury, is the thorough cooking. For home cooking, it is impossible to set any time limit, because of different thicknesses of different cuts of meat and different temperatures of stoves. The practical rule is to cook all pork until it is white. "Pink pork", Mr. Woodbury writes, "is dangerous and should never be eaten. If the pork is cooked till white all danger is averted."

Just how and why the Hoerner family failed to obey this rule perhaps never will be remembered. Probably old Anton Hoerner, father of the family and head of the migrating clan of children, granchildren and in-laws, never heard of pork worms in his native Russia or after he came to the United States in 1899 to farm, with reasonable success, in North Dakota. When Dakota droughts interfered with family prosperity, everyone decided to move farther West. No one wanted to give up the family hogs, so they and other live stock went along.

Meanwhile there stood in Columbia Falls, in the northwest corner of Montana, a great 19-room mansion built years before by the late James Talbot, local banker, mining man and general magnate. Once that mansion had blazed with lights and resounded to the merriment of Banker Talbot's wife and four daughters, when local celebrities were entertained at parties as brilliant as those of far-away Chicago or San Francisco. On the third floor of the old house had been private libraries and schoolrooms where the Talbot daughters were educated by private tutors before going away to "finishing school". Nearby were fertile farms and great barns where Talbot crops and table vegetables were raised and stored and blooded livestock bred for the surrounding country.

In 1937 all this splendor had vanished. Last used as temporary headquarters for a motion picture company, the house long had been deserted and uncared for. Looking for a new home and farm, the Hoerner caravan was able to buy it cheaply, sort out their 33 people in the mansion's 19 rooms and start in to restore its, and their, prosperity.

Food was needed for 33 mouths, and here were the family hogs brought along from North Dakota. Some were slaughtered. Pork chops, sausages and other dishes were prepared and enjoyed. Somehow or other, some of this pork meat, perhaps in the highly seasoned sausages, must have slipped through uncooked or not sufficiently cooked. In a few days members of the family came down with violent stomach disturbances, diarrhea and other symptoms of what local doctors first thought might be poisoning due to long unused drains and next suspected might be typhoid fever.

Three nurses sent to help the family, nearly all of whom were down sick, worked night and day until they, too, fell ill. Although no one thought of it at the time, they presumably also ate some of the infested uncooked pork in the family larder.

Neighbors who came to help and stayed to eat a sandwich or a meal also began to be taken sick. Local doctors and State health officials were in considerable alarm when an expert in a nearby hospital discovered the parasite and the mystery was solved. Destruction of all hogs, pork and material containing pork stopped the threatening epidemic instantly.

Only one victim died, little Danny Hoerner, a son of the patriarch. The others, however, will carry the hidden parasites until they die.

Trichina worms would be much less successful in the world if there were no animals that are cannibals. In a race of human cannibals, one generation would pick up the worms from the bodies of the preceding generation, as these people were killed and eaten. That probably is how the natural reservoir of trichina worms is maintained among wild animals, in the bodies of the always-cannibalistic rats.

Where rats are eaten for food, these animals might be an important human source of infection, but in the United States the usual carrier is pork. Wild pigs are great rat-catchers and rat-eaters, which is probably why some of them get infected. The infection then spreads, according to the United States Public Health Service, largely through scraps of uncooked pork eaten by other pigs in garbage.

Pigs are not cannibals in the sense that one pig will deliberately kill and eat another, but pigs will eat almost any kind of meat or other food furnished in the form of scraps. A pig is slaughtered on the farm, just as the Hoerner pigs were in the family's new homestead. Part of the body of this pig is prepared and used for human food. If it is well-cooked nothing happens as a result of that part, but other parts of the same pig's body are trimmed off or cut out, deemed unfit for human food and put with table scraps and other garbage as food for other pigs still being raised. That gives the trichina germs in the dead pig's muscles a new chance for life and a new pig to infest.

Either in pig bodies or human bodies, the actions of the worm germs are the same. In the infected pig flesh, the worms are hidden inside tiny shells or cysts, made partly of lime and just large enough to be seen by good eyes as a kind of fine-grained sand. More than a century ago, before doctors knew about the worm and its dangers, surgeons doing post-mortems in England noticed this kind of limy sand that turned the edges of their scalpels when muscles were cut, and wondered what the mysterious muscle sand might be. Finally, the distinguished American naturalist, Dr. Joseph Leidy of Philadelphia, found the same small cysts in pork and started the tests that led to understanding of the worms and of the disease that they cause.

In the stomach of a pig or a human being who eats uncooked pork containing these cysts, the meat of the muscle soon digests, leaving the small, hard cysts themselves. Either in the stomach or in the next part of the human digestive system, the duodenum, the shells of these cysts digest and get soft. At the same time, the tiny wormlet inside the cyst wakes from its sleep, which has lasted several years, slowly stretches itself and escapes. As yet, the tiny wormlet is not mature, but in the warm and well-fed environment of the human intestine it soon becomes so, developing into a male or a female in accordance with the nature of the original cyst.

Theses worms belong to the group called nematodes, remarkable eyeless and earless creatures which have their brains associated with their throats and eating machinery instead of with eyes or other sense organs. From this fact a philosopher may deduce, quite correctly, that the chief object of a nematode's life is to eat; which is what the trichina invaders of a human intestine promptly proceed to do.

In a few days, the male and female youngsters have eaten largely and grown quite big enough to mate, providing each female worm with from 500 to perhaps as many as 2,000 fertile eggs. These eggs proceed to develop inside the mother's body into tiny, wriggling embryos which presently escape through a kind of pore or window and burrow into the lining of the human victim's intestine. As soon as mating is over, the male worm, which is about a thirty-second of an inch long, seems to give up hope and die. The slightly longer female worm lingers on until all her eggs have been hatched and have escaped as the much smaller wrigglers or embryos.

While this is going on in the human victim's intestine there are symptoms of vomiting, diarrhea and so on, often mistaken for the results of food poisoning or of typhoid fever. Meanwhile, the myriads of wriggling embryos have wormed their way through the inner lining of the intestine into the tubes or lymphatics that carry some of the digested food materials in the blood. Thence they are swept along in the blood stream to the body's muscles, where they proceed to burrow in again and settle down for their long wait until the flesh of that muscle is eaten by another animal and the worm's life circle starts over again.

During this stage of burrowing is when the "rheumatic" symptoms appear, the pains in the invaded muscles and the rest. Worms may settle temporarily in the heart, where they do not make cysts but sometimes do

(Continued on Page 21)

Rose to Fame by Standing Still

BUDAPEST.

UNTIL the painters and sculptors of the Hungarian capital put on their recent annual artists' ball in one of the city's big hotels, a girl known to them as Rosika was just another model. Because she was pretty and blessed with a graceful figure, she found more or less steady employment, mostly posing for magazine illustrations. Sometimes she got more important assignments—but no more pay—as the original for three-dimensional reproductions of the so-called form divine.

Then she posed at the artists' ball, with other models, in a "living statue" competition. The girls were supposed to duplicate the statues that artists had made of them, as nearly as possible. These statues in the flesh made a tremendous hit; but, curiously enough, it was the chance that comes once in a lifetime for Rosika. She didn't act, but stood perfectly still; not a muscle quivered or twitched, and for the full five minutes she stood there, like marble, a living statue. The artists saw her for the first time through new eyes; the spotlight brought out new qualities they had never noticed before. And even the artist, whose statue she imitated, admitted what few artists care to admit, that she was better than his clay replica of that same pose.

Among the guests of the evening were an impresario of the stage, and a casting director of a large European movie company. They made inquiries, and as a result Rosika received handsome offers which she has been considering.

Unlike many beautiful models, the glamorous prize winner of the living statues contest had no special ambition. Even now, when her artist friends are all excited about her good fortune, she is mostly regretful at having to leave them, should she accept a contract, as she probably will.

Her artist friends hate to give her up, but they are certain, since the night of the ball, that she will make a remarkable success in the movies and are not standing in her way.

Rosika is not the first artist's model who has risen from the glamorous obscurity of the studio to cinematic fame. Directors are always on the watch and continually send scouts to cover this source of feminine charm. They are aware that artists have an unerring taste in picking girls who "picture" well, and when one can be found to act, as well, it's a lucky break for some producer. Somehow, before the ball, the movie men had missed Rosika, but it is still astonishing to many that her acting ability was recognized when she stood perfectly still.

"I don't know how she escaped us this long," said one of the movie producers. "Most of us know a potential star when we see one—and I predict that Rosika will shine brilliantly.

The Beautiful Model, Known in the Studios of Budapest as "Rosika," Who Posed as a Living Statue at a Recent Gathering of Hungarian Sculptors and Painters and, as a Result, May Soon Be On Her Way to Stardom on the Stage, or in the Movies.

"Rosika," Accustomed to Holding a Pose for the Artists Who Carved and Painted Her Almost Perfect Figure, Maintained This Difficult Posture for Five Full Minutes and Seemed to Be Made of Marble. Her Face May Soon Be as Well Known to the Theatre-Going Public as Her Figure Is to Hungary's Leading Artists.

Born Enemies, But Good Pals

NOT long ago in The American Weekly there appeared a remarkable picture of "Elmer" in a bathtub with four-year-old Annette Avers. Here is the same snake, together with his favorite pal "Trix," with whom he romps, sometimes in the company of little Miss Avers who is happily growing up in what amounts to her private menagerie at Portage, Wisconsin.

Ordinarily, snakes go for monkey meat as if it were a bacon and egg sandwich. That may be one reason for the extreme and hysterical shyness of monkeys at meeting a snake, or looking one in the eye. But "Trix," the tiny monkey in this picture, is plainly adjusted to what Nature didn't count on. For the snake, being completely domesticated, knows how to be polite and wouldn't think of biting the hand that holds him.

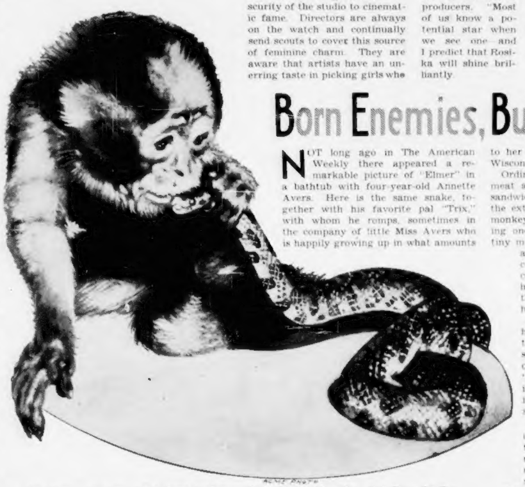
The animal friendship is perhaps handicapped by the fact that these pals don't talk the same language—but friendship overcomes even such barriers. "Trix" was at first uninterested in his serpent companion, but being himself well-bred, didn't start in scrapping.

So sociable "Elmer" was gradually able to wriggle himself into the monkey's good graces until nowadays they actually snuggle up together when they go to sleep. For the fact seems to be that almost anything can happen in the Noah's Ark on earth in which Miss Avers lives. It took "Trix" three years to overcome his natural aversion to snakes, but he is evidently grateful now.

Although the monkey finds companionship and amusement in other snakes on the farm, "Elmer" continues to be his favorite—the very snake that little Annette favors the most.

The reason for this is that "Elmer" is a charming snake, with plenty of snake "personality." More graceful than most of his compatriots, he is also less clumsy. He co-operates eagerly and doesn't want to snooze all the time anybody wants to play. In fact, he's a perfect companion with his abundant energy.

Some of the other snakes are said to behave as if they are jealous of him and his palling around with "Trix." However that may be, the friendship of the monkey and the snake has so far been proof against petty jealousies and menagerie politics.



By Nature, Monkeys Look Upon Snakes as Their Deadly Enemies. But Trix, the Pet Monkey of Annette Avers, of Portage, Wisconsin, Enjoys Playing With a Big Bull Snake Named Elmer.

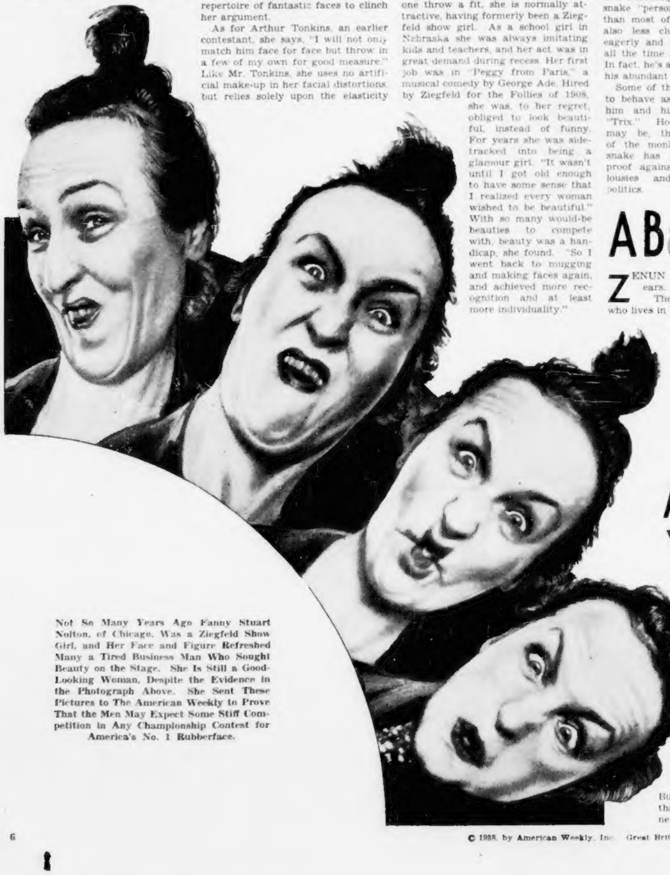
An Ex-Beauty Who Goes in For Goofy Faces

FROM time to time The American Weekly has printed snapshots of rubber-faced men competing for the title of having the funniest face.

The latest to throw her face in the ring is a woman—Fanny Stuart Nolton. She challenges all comers to outmug her if they can, and presents a repertoire of fantastic faces to clinch her argument.

As for Arthur Tonkins, an earlier contestant, she says, "I will not only match him face for face but throw in a few of my own for good measure." Like Mr. Tonkins, she uses no artificial make-up in her facial distortions, but relies solely upon the elasticity or "bounce" of the facial muscles.

The remarkable thing about her, however, is that even though she can make faces funny enough to make one throw a fit, she is normally attractive, having formerly been a Ziegfeld show girl. As a school girl in Nebraska she was always imitating kids and teachers, and her act was in great demand during recess. Her first job was in "Peggy from Paris," a musical comedy by George Ade. Hired by Ziegfeld for the Follies of 1908, she was, to her regret, obliged to look beautiful, instead of funny. For years she was sidetracked into being a glamour girl. "It wasn't until I got old enough to have some sense that I realized every woman wished to be beautiful." With so many would-be beauties to compete with, beauty was a handicap, she found. "So I went back to mugging and making faces again, and achieved more recognition and at least more individuality."



Not So Many Years Ago Fanny Stuart Nolton, of Chicago, Was a Ziegfeld Show Girl, and Her Face and Figure Refreshed Many a Tired Business Man Who Sought Beauty on the Stage. She Is Still a Good-Looking Woman, Despite the Evidence in the Photograph Above. She Sent These Pictures to The American Weekly to Prove That the Men May Expect Some Stiff Competition in Any Championship Contest for America's No. 1 Rubberface.

A Bachelor Because His Ears Are Too Big

ZENUN MISINOVICH hates his ears.

The Albanian peasant farmer, who lives in Liplanj, in South Serbia, has a pair of ears five inches long that stick out almost at right angles from his head.

When he was still a little boy going to a Moslem religious school, he ran away because he couldn't stand the ridicule. The children laughed and joked about his donkey ears, and to add injury to insult he was regularly beaten for disrupting lessons.

Later he saved up enough to buy a farm, but was lonesome by himself and some years ago began looking around for a bride to help him run things. His income wasn't to be sneezed at, and he wasn't bad looking except for his ears. Yet because of them the local Albanian belles made his long ears burn with their jibes whenever he came to town a-courting. One girl felt sorry for him, but everybody said it would be a disgrace to marry such a laughing-stock, and she, too, turned Zenun away.

Once he proposed while wearing a turban; but made to take it off, he lost by his ears.

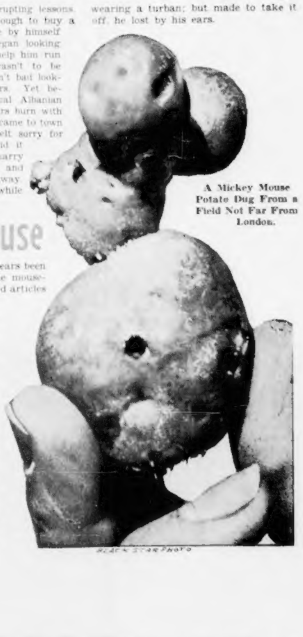
A Vegetable Mickey Mouse

WALT DISNEY'S boisterous little hero has for years been getting his nose onto all kinds of things. The mouse-face has been popping up on the most unexpected articles and in the strangest places.

Now, as if to show that even Mother Nature is fond of the ridiculous rodent, she has grown a Mickey Mouse in the shape of a potato, without help from human hands.

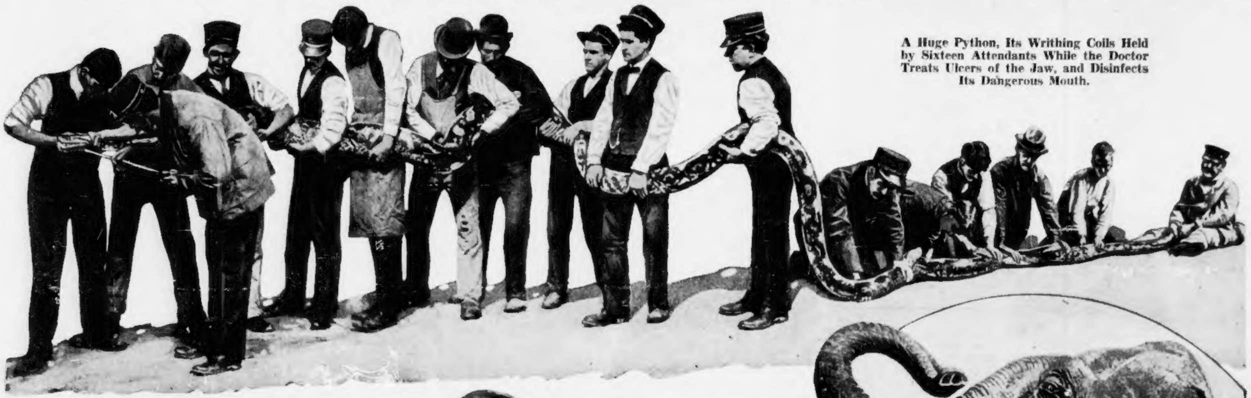
The English farmer who dug up the potato the other day could not have missed the resemblance. Mickey's grin and comical ears were unmistakable—the pudgy potato was a real discovery. The farmer happens to be a father, too. He knew the moment he laid eyes on the curious creation that his little boy would love it, and took it home for a present.

The field "mouse" proved to be the most popular toy in the house. On account of it's a boy mouse, the son has first right to it, and his sister must get permission to play with it. But together the youngsters make squeaking noises so that the spud, Mickey, seems to talk. They have vowed never to eat it.



A Mickey Mouse Potato Dug From a Field Not Far From London.

How the Doctor Takes Care of the Animals at the New York Zoo


A Huge Python, Its Writhing Coils Held by Sixteen Attendants While the Doctor Treats Ulcers of the Jaw, and Disinfects Its Dangerous Mouth.

Dr. Blair's 4,000 Not Very Amiable Patients With Aches and Pains Which Are Hard to Diagnose and Not So Easy to Cure

A Monkey Having His Ulcerated Tooth Extracted. Monkeys Usually Understand the Doctor Is Trying to Help Them and Exhibit Great Patience.

An Elephant Understands Perfectly Well What It's All About and Holds His Mouth Open Patiently While the Sliver of a Broken Tooth Is Removed From His Inflamed Jaw. When the Huge Beast Feels a Toothache He Knows Enough to Trumpet His Discomfort and Keeps Calling Until the Doctor Arrives With His Instruments.

In the Monkey House There Is More or Less Rough Play Going On, and Occasionally a Serious Fight and the Specialist's Services Are Often Needed. In This Photograph He Is Fitting a Splint and Plaster Cast on a Young Ape's Broken Leg.

A Young Zebra Being Given a Dose of Medicine Through Dr. Blair's Nursing Bottle.

THIS is an age of medical specialists, but it remained for Dr. W. Reid Blair, of New York, to develop the most remarkable specialty of any medical man in the world's greatest city. Dr. Blair is at present director of the New York Zoological Society, but before taking over that position he had the distinction of being physician, surgeon and dentist to the birds, reptiles and beasts in the city's zoo. Under his direction, the specialty he developed is now carried out by Dr. Charles V. Novack, the society's veterinarian.

There are about 4,000 animals in New York's zoo, and they are a curious bunch. There is something the matter with some of them every day in the year.

Monkeys get the toothache, lions are addicted to mumps, the tigers, confined in their cages, often suffer from ingrown toe-nails, a polar bear has had to undergo a daily treatment for eczema, and the snakes, if they could use a toothbrush, would be spared the frequent and painful annoyance of ulcerated gums.

Every animal seems to contract some disease, and it is the responsibility of Dr. Blair to see that the valuable beasts are brought back to health again and their valuable lives prolonged. If the rhinoceros at the Bronx Zoo should die, for example, it would take at least $20,000 to replace him.

A pair of giraffes is worth about $15,000 on the animal market. So every time a giraffe shows signs of contracting a cold no time is lost in administering a quart or so of strong cough medicine.

Elephants have to have their corns pared every so often. The sole of an elephant's foot grows a very tough and thick skin, which, under wild conditions, wears off as fast as it grows. But in captivity regular operations are necessary to prevent the sole from becoming as hard and painful as a human corn. In time the elephants come to realize what the operation means and hint they need attention by holding out their feet when the doctor comes near their compounds.

Trimming the nails of a full-grown tiger, however, is a much more difficult job. When this becomes necessary the tiger is induced to enter a small cage, over which a canvas cover is then fitted. Chloroform is then sprayed through the bars until the tiger "goes to sleep." The cage is then opened, and the doctor clips the claws, but a continuous spray of chloroform is kept up.

Monkeys are the most liable to disease, Dr. Blair has found. About everything that afflicts a human being a monkey can catch. Pneumonia, bronchitis, laryngitis, mumps and stomach-ache are only a few of the ailments that cause hurry calls from the monkey house.

And when the doctor arrives the monkey patients are much like their human cousins. A call once came from the monkey-keeper, saying that one of the chimpanzees was doubled up in pain, apparently from an aching tooth. As it happened, the chimpanzee was an old friend of the doctor, and seemed very glad to see him, and readily opened its mouth for inspection.

But when the forceps had been applied and the tooth was quickly yanked out, the indignant chimpanzee forgot all about the friendly things the doctor had done before. It was convinced that a mean trick had been played, and for several months thereafter would make faces whenever the doctor went past its cage.

Perhaps the most ticklish job of all for the zoo surgeons is the treatment of snakes. A snake is by nature a suspicious and unsociable being, and sullenly resents any intrusion upon its privacy. Many of the snakes, however, get ulcerations of the gum, and, without attention, would lose their teeth.

Washing the mouth of a huge python is always a feat that attracts awe-stricken crowds. First a bag is thrown over the head of the reptile and he is then dragged, wriggling furiously, from his cage. Sometimes eight or nine keepers are necessary, each man taking a section of the snake and hanging on tightly. When the doctor is assured that every man has a secure grip the bag is taken off Mr. Snake's head, his mouth is pried open and his gums thoroughly scrubbed with antiseptics. Then the spectators are regaled with the spectacle of an indignant snake being shoved back through its door.

Food and how to feed it out is one worry which Dr. Blair, with the aid of modern science, has just about vanquished. With animals from all parts of the globe, accustomed to all sorts of strange foods, it is impossible to give each animal his exact native diet. So experiments have been made, and now the zoo has a bakery engaged entirely in turning out synthetic substitutes for the native dishes.

The antelopes, for instance, eat in their wild state, grass, barks and various other foods which require some chewing. When an attempt was made to feed them on ordinary oats or bran the antelopes were willing enough to eat it, but would invariably develop indigestion after a hearty meal.

The solution here was to bake a kind of biscuit, made of oats, bran, corn, bonemeal and molasses. These biscuits were baked about an inch thick, were the size of a dinner plate, and almost as brittle. The gastric juices generated by the hungry antelopes in gnawing at these biscuits were sufficient to bring about perfect digestion from that time on.

The lions, leopards and tigers, of course, have to be fed their daily ration of meat. They get inspected beef of the same grade eaten by the people of New York.

The main trouble with the "cats" is the haste with which they eat their food. A lion has a strong stomach, but when he bolts five pounds of raw beef in one gulp (as he will if possible), it is no wonder that he then goes to the corner of his cage and roars in pain. So, to protect the carnivorous animals from their own appetites, a generous amount of bone and gristle is always included in their ration. And the keepers, to even things up, give the fastest eaters the boniest portions.

On Sundays no meat is fed. In their wild state, flesh-eating animals might go several days between "kills," so a day of fast weekly is only in keeping with Nature's plan for them.

Some of the smaller members of the cat family can be taught to eat cooked food. Cooked food, of course, is more digestible than raw meat, so if a puma, fox or wolf can get induced to take one meal of cooked food he is never put back on the raw meat diet.

Several years ago the zoo's most troublesome boarder arrived. He was Flip, a young Atlantic walrus, and for the first few months he required more attention than all the lions and elephants combined.

Every day Flip had to have twenty pounds of choice, fresh clams, in addition to an appetizer of codfish, from which all bones had to be removed. And Flip's bath had to be salted to the same density as sea water, otherwise an irritating skin disease would develop.

But under special care Flip gained weight at the rate of twenty-five pounds every month, and soon was able to eat everything that was offered him.

Next to Flip the most troublesome customer of the zoo restaurant was a large python. Pythons, as a rule, are satisfied with very irregular meals—once a week does quite nicely—but this snake refused to eat at all.

Rabbits, freshly killed and still warm, were thrown in the cage, but the huge reptile did not blink an eye. Then a chicken, with its head cut off, but still flapping, was thrust between the bars and the python continued to doze.

Finally Dr. Blair decided that what the snake wanted was some of its wild jungle food, and accordingly a peccary, or wild pig, was killed and offered to his reptilian highness. Immediataly the snake came to life, and ten minutes later the peccary had disappeared intact down the gullet of the starving python. That one meal lasted the snake three weeks.

Monkeys are the most interesting animals in the zoo to the visitors, but give the animal hospital as much worry as all the other animals put together. In addition to the lung trouble with which the monkeys are commonly afflicted, their mischievous nature is continuously sending them to the hospital. Dislocated shoulders and fractured legs are only a few of the mishaps which accompany the good-natured fights in the monkey house.

In their wild state many monkeys go around for life as cripples, but in the zoo an injured ape is fitted with a plaster cast, and an hour later is hopping around as cheerfully as ever.

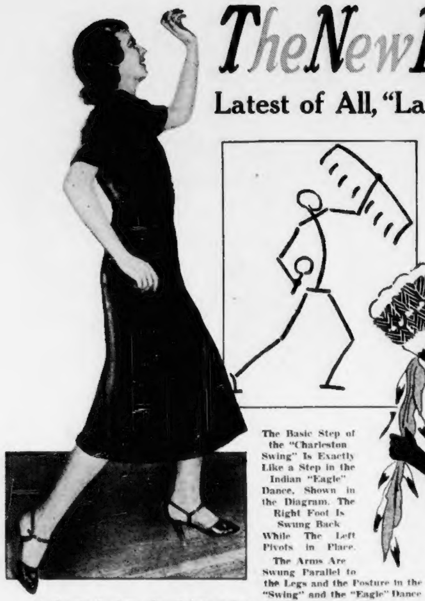
Elephants, too, even though their legs are as thick as trees, do not escape serious accidents. One pachyderm, which slipped and fell on a concrete runway, breaking two ribs and a thighbone, had to be killed. The weight of the elephant was so great as to make useless any splint or cast.

Not long ago a rhinoceros had an abscess on its lower jawbone. The beast was hobbled after an exciting struggle, and placed on mattresses. But then came the hard part—putting a vigorous rhinoceros to sleep. The average human being dozes comfortably under the influence of an ounce or so of chloroform, but no less than two and a half pounds were needed here.

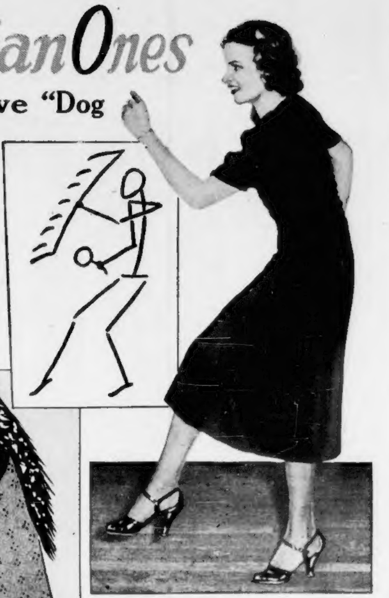
Strange to say, the most grateful animal of all Dr. Blair has treated was a ferocious Bengal tiger. A piece of bone had become jammed between the molar teeth of the cat, and in a few minutes she was dashing around her cage in maddened rage. A rope was thrown around her neck, and finally six men dragged the snarling beast to the bars at the end of her cage. A long pair of forceps were then thrust through the bars and fastened on the offending bone. Immediately the tiger seemed to realize that she was being helped, and ceased her struggling. The bone was removed without difficulty and the tiger then quietly allowed the ropes to be taken from her neck, and when she was free lay down with a purr of content.

The New Dances Only Old Indian Ones

Latest of All, "La Conga," Step for Step Is the Primitive "Dog Dance" of the Navaho Squaw and Brave, and as for the "Shag" and "Truckin'"—Well, Just Take a Look at These Pictures



The Basic Step of the "Charleston Swing" Is Exactly Like a Step in the Indian "Eagle" Dance, Shown in the Diagram. The Right Foot Is Swung Back While The Left Pivots in Place. The Arms Are Swung Parallel to the Legs and the Posture in the "Swing" and the "Eagle" Dance Is Exactly the Same. The "Swing" Is the Latest Step to Be Added to the "Big Apple."



The Second Step of the "Charleston Swing" and Its Indian Counterpart in the "Eagle" Dance. The Right Foot Is Swung Back Into Place and the Left Foot Is Extended, the Toe Pointing. The Rhythm Is Fast Enough to Make Each Step Look Like a Kick. The Pivoting Is on the Heel and Toe of the Foot on the Floor, Just as the Indians Did It.

"THE Navaho and Zuni Indian tribes of New Mexico were the first to invent 'truckin',' 'the shag' and 'doin' the Susie Q,' " says Arthur Murray, noted dancing instructor. "Centuries before modern dancers combined these steps into the 'Big Apple' and 'peeled and stomped it to cider' on the dance floor, the red men went to town with their Dog, Eagle and Sun dances, and the steps are exactly the same."

Mr. Murray proves his statement by comparing the new dances with the old Indian steps, illustrated in "American Indian Dance Steps," a book by Bessie and May Evans of the Peabody Conservatory of Music, Baltimore.

"The theory that the new steps came from Africa with the Negro is all wrong," Mr. Murray says. "When the Negroes first came to Florida they copied the dances of the Seminole Indians, added native African rhythms, and called the product the 'cake-walk.' So the Indians get the credit for the enthusiastic 'lease-breaking' which often makes nights horrible for the neighbors.

"The Dog dance of the Tesuque and San Ildefonso pueblos of New Mexico is almost exactly like truckin'. Some of the steps of truckin' would fool even a full-blooded Navaho, provided the truckers were decked out with eagle feathers and war-paint. The Dog dance is a forward shuffling step on both feet with a heel and toe progression on alternate feet. One arm is raised and holding a hatchet which is wig-wagged to the rhythms of the drum. A hatchet might make trouble on a crowded dance floor, so truckers have substituted a waggling forefinger which they shake like a teacher cautioning a naughty child. The posture of the dancers, old and new, is exactly the same.

"Another step of the Dog dance, where the dancers trail each other around in a circle 'dog' fashion is the grandfather of 'La Conga,' the latest dance craze. La Conga is a one-two-three truckin' step forward and one step backward. The girl keeps her hand on the boy's shoulder, is in back of him and follows him around the floor. The Dog dancers shuffle forward in the same way. Sometimes they vary the step by taking two steps backward instead of one. There is only one difference. In the Dog dance the dancers are tied together by a short strip of woven 'serape' or blanket cloth. In La Conga the girl's outstretched arm takes the place of the other hook-up.

"One of the principal steps of the Big Apple is 'the shag,' and its ancestor is the grotesque Apache Devil Dance. When someone starts to shag on a dance floor the other couples move off to a safe distance, for it requires plenty of room, being a hop, in strict time to the music, from one foot to the other, with the knees relaxed. Of course, the Indians usually danced alone, and never held their partners. In this way they avoided breaking each other's legs, but the steps of the shag and the rhythm of the beat are primarily Indian. The red men had no saxophones to swing to but the fast two-step or fox-trot is a drum beat which the Indians knew how to stomp out.

"The Susie Q combines the worst elements of the Sun and Eagle dances, which the Misses Evans describe as 'tremendously wild and vital.' All three dances consist of a heel and toe movement in a sideway shuffle, instead of forward as in truckin'. Modern dancing couples do not hold each other in the Susie Q, conforming to ancient traditions of Indian etiquette. The Susie Q is not a ballroom dance, but more like a parlor stunt to show how much 'hot-cha' a dancer's got.

"Even the rhumba has its Indian counterpart. In the Eagle dance there is a square movement of the feet, forward, sideways and backwards, to a fast drum beat in one-two time, a third beat carried out in relaxed knees which bend to the music. A Comanche step learned from a group of Zuni girls by the Misses Evans is exactly like a rather awkward rhumba. The dancers even hold gourds filled with seeds which they shake in time to the music.

"A brand new step in the Big Apple is the 'Swing,' sometimes called the 'Charleston Swing.' It looks like the old Charleston but an Indian would say that it looked more like the Eagle dance.

"The Eagle dance is a step on the left foot, the right foot stretched out, the toe pointed. As the right foot is brought back to place the left foot is swung out backwards. Then the left foot is brought into place, and so on. The arms swing out like the legs. As in all the other Indian dances there is a slight pivot on the heel and toe of each foot to give the body leverage and grace. And these steps are the Charleston Swing, too. Dress an Indian up in evening clothes, put him on a dance floor, give him a jazz band and even an expert would be fooled.

"The modern steps naturally have more variety than the Indian steps. This is because modern dancers dance for enjoyment and make up new steps when they feel like it. When the music gets hot they exaggerate their motions. But the Indian doesn't dance for enjoyment and his music remains the same. It's a very serious business with him, a ceremony which he performs reverently.

"Even the Indians would recognize these new dance steps as their grandchildren, although the bloodcurdling war-whoop which Big Apple dancers wind up with would scare an Indian out of his skin. So the new frenzy, which grows like Indian weed on the dance floors of America, can be traced back to the Indian's wigwam and he probably hopes for the sake of his papooses that it will go no further."

The Picture Above Shows an Indian Couple in the "Dog Dance" and, Below, the Latest Dance Craze, "La Conga," Which Is Exactly the Same. The Steps Are Like "Truckin'": Three Heel and Toe Steps Forward and One Step Backward. The Man Leads the Woman Around; She Is in Back of Him, Her Arm on His Shoulder. In the "Dog Dance" the Couple Are Connected by a Woven Strip of Blanket. That Is the Only Difference in the Dances.

The "Break" in the Modern "Rhumba" Is the Same as the Break in the "Eagle" Dance. In Each Dance There Is a Square Movement of the Body and Feet—Forward, Sideways, and Backwards, Then Forward Again. Then the Couple Swing Away From Each Other, Stand Side by Side, Crouch a Little and Point One Toe Forward, the Other Foot a Little to the Rear. The Indians Had Exactly the Same Steps, and Even Shook Gourds Filled With Seeds in Time to the Music, Just As Rhumba Dancers Do.

"Truckin'" as Done by a Modern Dancer and Her Indian Counterpart In the "Dog" Dance. Each Dance Step Is a Forward Shuffling Movement on Both Feet With a Pushing Heel and Toe Progression. The Indians Hold a Hatchet in Their Hand Which They Shake in Time to the Music, While a Trucker Shakes the Forefinger on Her Right Hand—a Much Safer Method, But Indian Just the Same.

Wolf-Girl Joana Goes Back to the Wilds

Lost as a Child, Brought Up by Beasts, Finally Restored to Her Family and About to Become a Bride, She Answers the Call of Her "Spirit of the Forest" and Vanishes Again Into the Wilderness

The Mother of Joana Beside One of Her Numerous Horses.

BUCHAREST, March 2.

EVER since the days when Romulus and Remus, the legendary founders of ancient Rome, were nursed by a mother wolf, there have been reports of children being adopted by wild animals and raised in the forest, as was little Mowgli in Kipling's famous Jungle Book. And ever since the days when people first started getting married, there have been brides who mysteriously disappeared on the eve of their weddings, for one reason or another—usually to run away with another man.

But perhaps the only person who ever had both of these strange experiences is 17-year-old Joana Mandrila, the "wild girl of the Carpathians." For seven years Joana lived with a pack of timber wolves—till Roumanian lumberjacks found her three years ago and restored her to her parents—and just the other day she almost stunned her sweetheart, Petru Micescu, by tearing off all her clothing right in front of him and vanishing again into the wilderness, shortly before they were to be married.

Instead of waiting to cut the wedding cake, which her mother had already baked for her, she ate her fill of the warm, red flesh of a sheep that had been killed by her savage friends, the wolves—and then raced away into a fir thicket with them. That was the last Petru saw of her—and perhaps the last that any human being will ever see of her, for her father and her fiance and all their friends have trudged many miles through the woods without finding any trace of her and at last given up the search as hopeless.

A Family Group of the Mandrilas with Joana's Two Sisters at the Right.

But the strangest thing of all is the reason Joana gave for jilting her fiance—certainly no other girl ever had a stranger reason. It wasn't another man who caused her to run away. At any rate, it wasn't a living man—not a flesh and blood person. As she described it to Petru, it was merely a huge, smiling face—high up in the trees—with two little pointed horns—and queer eyes that were sometimes green and sometimes blue, but never had any whites at all. Time after time, it appeared to her and kept calling her back to the wilderness in a soft, rustling voice that faded into the whisper of the leaves.

"I don't know what it is," she said, "but I see it just as plain as anything and I call it the Spirit of the Forest."

When Petru first announced his intention of marrying Joana, any number of wise old peasants shook their heads and told him he would be making a bad mistake. She was not like other girls—and how could she be, after wandering off into the woods when a child of seven and living with the wolves so long she forgot all human speech?

At the time those lumberjacks found her in a mountain cave, she fought like a savage beast and they had to tie her up before they could carry her down to the nearest village, where she was soon identified by a birthmark as the lost daughter of Ion Mandrila. It was months before her parents could tame her and even longer before they succeeded in teaching her to talk again.

After three years they still watched her closely and never let her leave the house alone—and she still fretted continually because she had to sleep indoors, eat cooked food that tasted insipid to her and wear tight-fitting clothing that felt uncomfortable. Any little chore that was given to her was liable to make her violently rebellious and sometimes she sat for hours silently gazing at the tree tops.

But she had grown up to be unusually handsome—and Petru thought there was no other girl in all Roumania with such quaint notions in her pretty little head, or such lovely, haunting eyes. So he only laughed at these wise old peasants who tried to tell him that he was headed toward unhappiness.

Petru agreed with her parents, who came to him not long ago with the sly suggestion that he marry her. A husband was what she needed to drive away all the memory of those seven strange years when she roamed through the forest, as free and as wild as the wind that howls through the tall timber. With a home of her own and children to look after, she would have no time to brood over her lost freedom.

So a marriage was arranged—the wedding cake was baked and Petru believed that in a few days he and Joana would be going down the mountain trail to the Sugag Spring fair, which was the proper time and the proper place for such an important ceremony.

Then he went out with her the other day to a lonely valley—to tend her father's sheep and she talked for the last time about the strange face in the tree tops. They sat with their backs to a large boulder—Joana staring out across the valley toward a fir thicket and Petru idly polishing the barrel of his rifle.

"You just think you see it," he said, after she described it again. "But you'll forget all about it after we're married."

"I do see it," she replied. "I see it right now—and it's calling to me."

As they talked, a pack of timber wolves came loping out of the fir thicket and stopped all at once on the edge of the long meadow that stretched down to the little green valley where the sheep were grazing. As still as the gray rocks all around them, the hungry wolves bristled and sniffed the breeze, which must have brought them the unmistakable scent of a natural enemy, mixed with the enticing odor of sheep.

"Repeatedly Joana had spoken of what she called 'The Spirit of the Forest,' and had said that she saw it as a great face with little horns among the trees and heard it calling her in the rustle of the leaves. And at last, almost on her wedding day, she could resist the calling no longer. And as the wolves, her old companions, trotted out to meet her, she stripped herself of her clothing and vanished with them into the wild Carpathian forest."

The next moment, Joana took a deep breath of sharp mountain air and then leaped to her feet, her nostrils quivering.

"Wolves!" she cried. "Look at them—they're coming this way! I knew they would—I knew they would. It was the face that sent them after me!"

Tails up, ears pricked forward and eyes fixed on Joana, the whole pack was trotting across the meadow.

Petru jumped up with his rifle, but before he had time to fire Joana pounced on him like a wildcat, snatched the gun away and spiked it by ramming the muzzle into the ground, plugging it up with dirt. Then she tossed the rifle aside, dropped to her hands and knees and scampered to the pack, on all fours.

In almost no time the wolves were all around her, climbing over each other in their eagerness to lick her hands and face, and she was yipping and yapping to them, in a language they evidently understood.

Clutching his rifle by the barrel and swinging it like a club, Petru charged after her. But just as the wolves were about to spring at his throat, Joana leaped up and held them back by barking out such sounds as Petru had never before heard coming from a human throat.

"Run!" she screamed at him. "Run for your life! Climb upon the boulder—I can't hold them back much longer."

And from the top of the boulder, Petru watched a scene he afterwards said he would never have believed if he had not seen it with his own eyes.

Pausing just long enough to shout a last farewell to her sweetheart, and to her parents and to everyone who knew her, Joana ripped off every last stitch of her clothing and then raced across the meadow, toward the head of the valley, her dark hair flying in the wind and the pack at her heels.

The wolves charged on the defenseless sheep, tearing at least a dozen of them to pieces. Then Joana dropped on her hands and knees again and gorged herself with fresh-killed meat, tearing the dripping flesh from the bones with her teeth, as the wolves were doing. The last Petru saw of her she was racing with the pack toward the fir thicket, her white body gleaming against the green background and her arms outstretched, as if she really did see a strange face in the tree tops and expected to be lifted up to it at last.

Joana Mandrila, "The Wild Girl of the Carpathians," After She Had Been Brought Back to Civilization.

It was ten years ago, at the Spring fair, in the small village of Sugag, that 7-year-old Joana Mandrila wandered away to pick wild flowers and was lost in the forest. Through the Summer and Fall she lived on berries, and when Winter came on she took to gnawing bark and pine cones.

One day as she trudged silently through the snow she came upon a pack of wolves that had killed a sheep and were eating it. Already gorged with food, the wolves merely gazed at her curiously, and when she crept up to them, with a pleading, famished look in her eyes, they let her have the sheep flesh they had left. Afterwards, she followed them to their lair.

Having no occasion to use human speech any longer, she gradually forgot it, learning instead to make animal sounds which the wolves understood.

For seven years she lived like a wild beast, and then one night she crept up toward a campfire where a crowd of Roumanian lumberjacks lay sprawled around. One of them fired at her shadow, making her leap into the air, so she seemed to change suddenly from a shaggy animal into human form, before plunging through the bushes.

"It's a werewolf!" he cried.

Legends say that a werewolf is a vampire, a dead human being that leaves its grave at night, takes any form it chooses, usually that of a wolf, and prowls around, slashing the throats and drinking the blood of living people.

So the next morning the superstitious lumberjacks followed Joana's tracks to a cave, where she lay sleeping. One held a sharp stake over her heart and another had his axe raised, ready to strike the fatal blow, when the camp boss caught his arm and cried:

"Stop! It's breathing!"

From sunrise to sunset, vampires are not supposed to breathe—so he reasoned this could not be a vampire, and he was right. It was 14-year-old Joana Mandrila, and at the sound of his voice she leaped to her feet, a terrifying figure, with matted black hair that hung to her knees, unkempt like the shaggy mane of a wolf.

That was how she was found, three years ago—and now psychologists say that there is really nothing so very mysterious about her going back to live in the forest. Among the most powerful of all forces that govern human behavior are childhood habits. And during Joana's most formative years, when the deepest impressions were being made, she was leading a life of danger and discomfort, but one of complete freedom, with no one to tell her what she must do.

The average person, raised in a civilized community, gradually becomes accustomed to all its restrictions, which seem a small price to pay for a warm house, sufficient food, good clothing and companionship. But Joana had once done without these things. They did not mean as much to her as to most people. And more than anything else, she must have been terrified at the thought of being tied down to a husband who would dominate her.

So she sought freedom again—freedom that was symbolized for her by that strange, pagan face in the tree tops—by going back to live with the pack of timber wolves who were her friends, who understood her and demanded nothing.

"Inside Story" of
NEW HUDSON 112
TOLD BY OWNERS OF THE "OTHER THREE" LEADING LOWEST PRICED CARS

3-PASSENGER COUPE

$694

Fully equipped, ready to drive, Federal taxes paid, transportation costs and local taxes, if any, extra.

6-passenger Brougham, $724; 4-passenger Victoria Coupe, the only 4-passenger coupe in the lowest price field with all passengers riding inside, $740; Sedan, $755; Convertible Coupe, $835; 6-passenger Convertible Brougham, $886; fully equipped, ready to drive, Federal taxes paid—transportation costs and local taxes, if any, extra. Attractively low time payment terms, with new Hudson-C.I.T. Plan.

New Hudson 112 Six-Passenger Sedan, $755—fully equipped, ready to drive, Federal taxes paid—transportation and local taxes, if any, extra.

WE PICKED these men and women — scores of them — at random from owners of the "other three" leading lowest priced cars.

"Drive the new Hudson 112," we said. "Compare it with your own car, any way you like. Then tell us what you really think."

No new car was ever before put to such a test as this! We were willing to let the reputation of the Hudson 112 stand or fall on what owners of *other* "lowest priced" cars said about it.

We quote a few of these owners here. Their statements are typical of *what they all say*. That the new Hudson 112 is the biggest and best of all cars in the lowest price field today.

Do what tens of thousands, the country over, are doing. See and drive the new Hudson 112 at the nearest Hudson showroom. See why we say: "It's a better deal for your dollar."

"SAFEST BRAKES"—"I never saw such brakes! They work easily and give you a quick, level stop, sure! But what really caught my eye was that separate reserve set of mechanical brakes that operates from the same foot pedal!"

Name on request

"WIDEST VISION"—"The vision, from the driver's seat, is much wider on either side. That wide windshield is certainly a fine safety feature, and anyone who compares motors can't help noticing how smooth the Hudson 112 is, either idling or at touring speed."

Name on request

"SMOOTHEST PERFORMANCE"—"That motor is so smooth, compared with mine ... fastest pickup I've ever seen in any Six. And the smoothest, fastest acting brakes I ever put my foot on. My car isn't in it with the Hudson 112 when it comes to easy handling — turning corners, sticking to the road, holding its course."

Name on request

"TOP ECONOMY"

With gasoline accurately measured and mileage closely checked, a new Hudson 112 beat the 1938 models of the "other three" in a test that was witnessed and certified by a jury of owners of these other leading "lowest priced" cars. Proving that the car that tops the others in size, room, smooth performance and safety leads them in economy, too!

Drive the new Hudson 112 today . . . as all America is doing.

"SAFEST HOOD"—"I wish the hood of my car was hinged at the front like the one on the Hudson 112, so the wind couldn't get under the hood and slap it back if it didn't happen to be tightly latched."

Name on request

"MOST ROOM"—"I thought I had all the room I was entitled to, even for my 232 pounds, in my car but that new Hudson 112 opened my eyes in a hurry. It's wider, longer—bigger in every way. That goes even for the baggage space in back and the parcel compartment up front."

Name on request

THE NEW "LOWEST PRICED" CAR HUDSON 112

COMPANION CAR TO THE NEW 1938 HUDSON *Terraplane* • HUDSON *Six* • HUDSON *Eight* • TOP VALUE IN EVERY POPULAR PRICE FIELD . . . 112 TO 129 INCH WHEELBASES . . . 83 TO 122 HORSEPOWER!

"Empires of the Moon"

Conspiracies Which Almost Changed the Course of History, but Failed Because of Some Tremendous Trifle

"And a certain man drew a bow at a venture, and smote the King of Israel between the joints of the harness."
II Chronicles 18, 33

Drawing by Julius Schnorr, Depicting the Death Which King Ahab Sought to Avoid by Disguising Himself in Simple Armor So That the Syrians Would Think the Richly Armored Jehoshaphat Was the King.

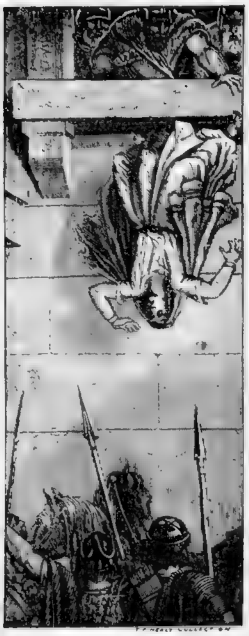
Dramatized From Old Records

By H. Bedford-Jones

"A TRIFLE makes a dream—a trifle breaks," sang the English poet, Alfred Tennyson.

And buried away in all but forgotten archives are musty records which deal with conspiracies that might have changed the history of the world—dreams of Empires of Earth that were broken by some trifle and became only "Empires of the Moon"—moonshine.

The American Weekly presents on this page today the twelfth of a series dealing with such conspiracies. They have been painstakingly and vividly dramatized from old records, documents and letters by the brilliant American novelist H. Bedford-Jones. They are historical fact in fiction form presented as some gifted onlooker of the time might have written them.



Wicked Queen Jezebel Thrown From Her Palace Window in Jezreel by Orders of the Reformer, Jehu.

No. 12—The Arrow Sinister.

WHEN Parton telephoned asking me to drop in that evening he seemed excited. I [illegible] with his request, and for the first time found him actually engaged [illegible] of his strange hobby.

On his [illegible] walls were two huge charts or graphs [illegible] with figures and symbols and [illegible]

"This is the most fascinating thing I know," he exclaimed as I sat staring at it. "Harry, do you realize what would have happened to the world if the whole history of the ancient Hebrews had been changed?"

"Does it matter?" I [illegible] Parton [illegible].

"Matter? Why, it's fascinating!" He waved a hand at his graphs. "Look at the difference in all history and religion and literature if the Jews had become the [illegible] of the East instead of going into the captivity of Babylon. Look at the changes I've charted out here, the changes in ethnic and racial movements!"

Now Parton spent a more or less useless life on the scent of conspiracies that [illegible] the world. [illegible] I could comprehend that following out the actual intrigues to a logical conclusion might be a fascinating pursuit, but it was a [illegible] false one and I said so.

"If you'd spend your brains, your education, your admitted knowledge on some real profession or study," I told him, "it would be worth while. But no! You meander in your empires of the moon, in nebulous, misty speculations about what would have happened to the world if some guy's foot had not slipped a couple of thousand years ago."

He blinked at me.

"Remarkable!" he murmured. "That's exactly what I'm working on—a man's foot slipped, but it was a trifle more than two thousand years ago. Listen, Harry, you've got me all wrong. Should I spend my life in a stuffy law office like you? Should I work at science or art or writing books, and to what good? I don't need the money. I'm having a grand time. I'm doing something no one else has ever done, and there may be value in it. When once I publish my notes and graphs I'll be famous. A man who lives happily and pursues the sort of work he likes, may be better off than if he were serving humanity. The service of humanity begins at home."

I shrugged. That was one way of looking at it [illegible].

"Do you remember," he went on, "some articles that were published in The American Weekly about the excavations at Samaria, the ancient capital of the Kingdom of Israel? And how a frieze had been discovered picturing the Ivory Palace of King Ahab?"

"No," I said stiffly. "And I warn you, Parton, to avoid the Bible in your silly speculations."

"Don't be absurd!" he snapped. "The greatest book in the world has been the world's favorite field of speculation for centuries. The greatest scholars and thinkers have spent years on it. I'm not scoffing at it or destroying it or twisting it to suit some irreverent purpose. My work is constructive. Why, look at those telegrams on the desk. From some of the best known Bible scholars and Talmudists extant, congratulating me! Look here, you remember the most wicked woman of Bible history, whose very name has become a symbol, in present day speech, of all that's evil?"

"Jezebel, of course," I said. He nodded beamingly.

"And Jezebel was back of the prettiest conspiracy you ever saw! She was the queen of Israel, you know. Her husband, King Ahab, was the greatest king since Solomon."

"Great?" I broke in heatedly. Parton waved me down.

"Great! Bad, yes, but also great! Bad to a degree, treacherous, crafty, he was also a great ruler. Personally he had [illegible] strength and his name was a synonym for a heroic fighter. He had carried his kingdom to heights of wealth and commerce, and was allied with Egypt. He had ended the [illegible] with Judah and married his daughter to the son of King Jehoshaphat [illegible]. In all he did Jezebel was [illegible]. That gal had brains, of a sort."

"You seem to admire her," I said [illegible]. Parton dissented.

"No, but it takes character to be a she-devil. She had character, beauty and brains enough to hold stout King Ahab [illegible] her thumb. She had made him persecute the Hebrew religion, introducing the gods of Sidon and Egypt. Material prosperity brought a flood of luxury with it, dissipation, idolatry, debauchery. Meantime, up in Jerusalem, [illegible] King Jehoshaphat, who was as good as Ahab was evil, and in the north were the Syrians, the inveterate enemies of Israel, with a big army centered at Ramoth-gilead. They [illegible] Ahab and his kingdom to pieces. Right then Jezebel hit on a perfectly swell idea! It was treachery, of course, but most conspiracies consist of treachery. And I want to tell you what happened, first in Samaria and then on the battlefield."

"How do you know?" I demanded. He waved an impatient hand.

"Tradition. Deduction. Fresh translation of the Scriptures. Common sense in the light of excavations and discoveries."

"Just a minute," I broke in. "I vaguely recall the story as an example of the dispensation of Providence. Now, I object to your monkeying with the will of God."

"I'm not. I'm merely explaining how the will of God worked. I'm emphasizing it, in fact! I want to turn these stiff Old Testament names into living people for you, make 'em breathe and talk and laugh."

Parton could do it. He had the magic gift of words, the hypnotic ability to bring dead names and things to life again.

"She inveigled King Jehoshaphat to march with Ahab against the Syrians," he went on. "Ahab had mercenaries from Egypt and Sidon, but he needed those stern hard fighting regiments who worshiped the old god of Israel. Jehoshaphat sent his army north, and then came to Samaria to join Ahab and catch up with the army, which was on the march. And there occurred a curious mere [illegible]. Jehoshaphat, you know, was a fine upstanding man who believed implicitly in the [illegible] of his fathers, Jahveh, and took a notion that he wanted to get a prediction from a prophet of Jahveh about the campaign. Ahab brought in a lot of priests and soothsayers of Baal, who [illegible] Ahab, saying victory was assured, but Jehoshaphat took no stock in them. So finally they [illegible] named Michaiah [illegible] as Michaiah was brought before the kings."

He paused [illegible].

The Prophet Elijah Denouncing Ahab and Queen Jezebel for the Death of Naboth, Whose Vineyard Was Coveted by the King. From the Painting by Frank Dicksee, R. A.

THRONES had been set up for Ahab and Jehoshaphat in the palace courtyard near the city gates, thrones with Eastern carpets [illegible], a gorgeous display of striped cloth in many hues. [illegible] royal [illegible] between a [illegible] by the [illegible] who had not gone with the army [illegible] sat the massive Ahab, of face [illegible] and powerful, and Jehoshaphat the broad-browed, his thoughtful gaze sweeping the [illegible] throng of priests with a trace of scorn.

They screeched out their prophecies, their assurances of victory; then a palace eunuch came through the crowd, leading the prophet of Jahveh. Michaiah stalked along, ignoring the jeers flung at him by the priests of Baal, watching the face of Michaiah.

"Don't say that Ahab [illegible]"

Ahab [illegible] Michaiah to speak.

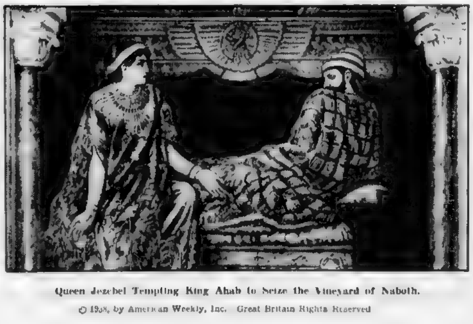
"Do you see good or bad luck if we march against Ramoth-gilead?"

"Hi, King of Israel!" replied Michaiah with derisive mockery, employing the phrases of the priests around. "Go up by all means, go up and prosper, and the Lord shall deliver it into your hand!"

"I didn't call you here to be impertinent," rasped Ahab with an angry flash. "Tell me the truth. You're said to be a prophet, prove it! Can't your god give you a message?"

Michaiah drew himself up. His deep and brooding eyes flashed from one king to the other, touched on the captains around, settled for a moment on the giant Egyptian archer Nefer, who stood behind King Ahab. Then his sonorous voice lifted.

"He has already given me a message, a vision! I saw all the warriors of Israel scattered upon the hills, like sheep that have no shepherd, and Jahveh said to me: 'Look! They have no master! Let them return home.'"



Queen Jezebel Tempting King Ahab to Seize the Vineyard of Naboth.

"I [illegible]," growled Ahab to his friend [illegible]. He threw a glance at an upper window, where a flutter of [illegible] behind a lattice showed that Jezebel was watching [illegible]. "The rascal doesn't know what good [illegible]. He's so [illegible] that he never foretells anything [illegible]."

Jehoshaphat [illegible] heart [illegible].

"Then [illegible]" [illegible]

"What [illegible]" [illegible] Ahab [illegible]

"Your prophet's [illegible]" [illegible] Michaiah [illegible]. "The Lord put a lying spirit [illegible] to go up to Ramoth-gilead [illegible]."

[illegible] Michaiah across the [illegible]. Ahab ordered the spearmen [illegible] and [illegible] Michaiah [illegible] until his return to Samaria.

"If you return [illegible]," [illegible] the prophet as [illegible] him, "[illegible] the Lord [illegible]."

[illegible] Ahab [illegible] forget [illegible] Jehoshaphat [illegible] and [illegible] "We'll [illegible] have a [illegible] those dancing girls [illegible] Sidon [illegible] all [illegible] and I [illegible] a notion to keep them here till we get back. They're [illegible]."

"[illegible]," agreed Jehoshaphat. "[illegible] a bath before [illegible]."

"You're not worried about that prophet? If you are, I'll have his head sliced off."

Jehoshaphat's [illegible]. "Not about the prophet [illegible] message for me. I'm not worried [illegible]. But I'm worried about you."

Ahab broke into a laugh, and dismissed the matter.

Twenty minutes later he strode into an upper room where the queen awaited him. He stooped beside her, touched his lips to hers, and regarded her with complacent affection.

"Well, old girl, how did it go off?" he asked gaily. "I stopped to have a drink with Jehoshaphat."

"Didn't I tell you not to bring in any prophet of Jahveh?" she said angrily. "Now you've made a mess of things. Luckily Jehoshaphat didn't take alarm. If he'd refused to go, where would we be?"

"No worse off than we are now," said Ahab cheerfully. "Did you see Nefer's exhibition of shooting early in the afternoon? That fellow is a marvel with a bow! I've never seen a Cretan archer who could stand up with him. When they loosed those doves and he brought them down one after the other you should have seen Jehoshaphat's face! Hello, what on earth are you doing with that old fashioned armor? From the looks, it must go back clear to King Solomon's time!"

"So it does," she said [illegible]. "They made better armor then than you can find nowa-

(Continued on Page 14)

"OLD MAN RI

Chapters From
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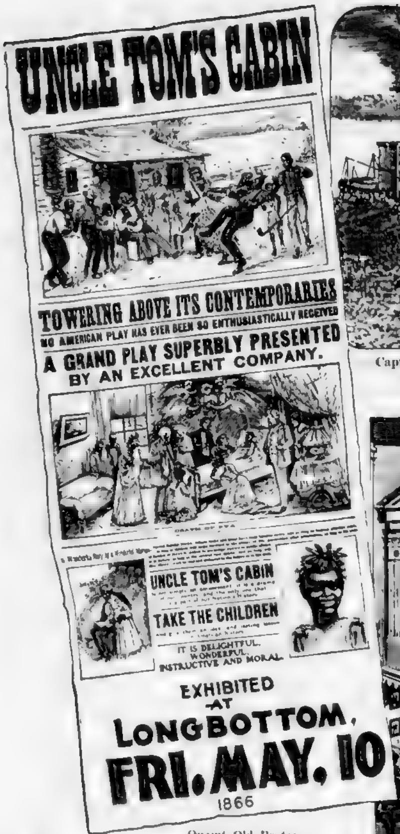


UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

TOWERING ABOVE ITS CONTEMPORARIES

NO AMERICAN PLAY HAS EVER BEEN SO ENTHUSIASTICALLY RECEIVED

A GRAND PLAY SUPERBLY PRESENTED BY AN EXCELLENT COMPANY.

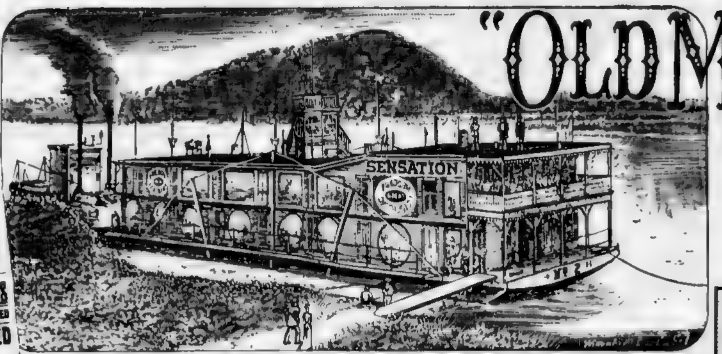
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

TAKE THE CHILDREN

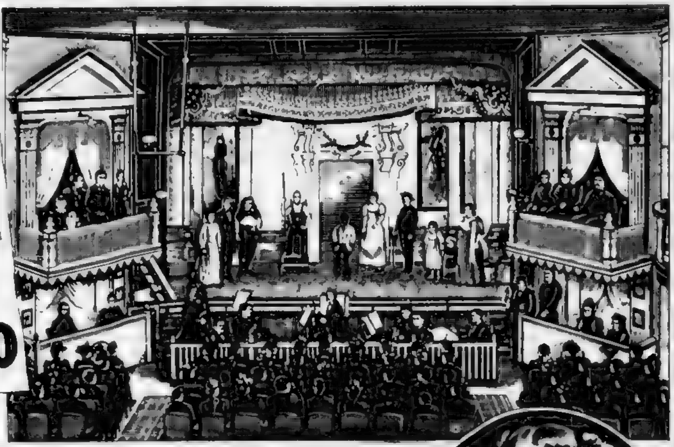
IT IS DELIGHTFUL, WONDERFUL, INSTRUCTIVE AND MORAL.

EXHIBITED AT LONGBOTTOM, FRI. MAY. 10 1866

Quaint Old Poster Announcing the Coming of a Showboat Troup Playing "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Always a Sure-Fire Hit Along "Old Man River." From the Collection of Captain Billy Bryant of Bryant's Showboat.



Captain A. B. French's Famous Showboat, "Sensation," Had an Excellent Company of Actors and Played Only at the Larger Towns Along the River. It Seated Several Hundred People and Was the Largest and Most Successful Showboat of Its Day.



The Interior of Captain French's "Sensation," Showing the Orchestra Pit and the Boxes. On the Stage "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Is Being Acted.

Portrait of Jenny Lind, the Famous Swedish Opera Singer, Whose Enthusiastic Public Kept Her from Entering New Orleans Until Her Manager, P. T. Barnum, Invented an Ingenious Disguise Which Took Seven Women to Wear.

By CAPTAIN LOUIS ROSCHE,

Formerly Captain of Many Famous Old Mississippi River Steamboats.

(Continued From Last Sunday)

CHAPTER XI.

BY THIS time I reckon mostly everybody has heard something about the showboats that used to travel up and down the Mississippi and the rivers that flow into it, tying up at any landing where they could get up enough of a crowd to put on a performance There weren't any theatres or opera houses to speak of way out in the backwoods in those days and it sure was a treat for folks to see a show, any kind of a show

So whenever a showboat came round the bend, with the steam calliope up on the top deck tooting away so loud you could hear it a mile off, there was mostly always a big crowd on hand to meet her when she pulled into a landing

It was the same way with us river men—any time we got a chance we would take in a show and in my day I've seen some mighty entertaining play-acting on those old floating theatres, along with some pretty good singing and dancing and right comical stuff

The folks in those troupes were mostly a happy-go-lucky bunch—and good company, too, afloat or ashore. Many's the time I've sat around and listened to them tell about things that happened to them or somebody they knew about, and when it came to spinning a yarn couldn't anybody hold a candle to 'em. They took life as easy as they could, no matter what came up, but it wasn't always a bed of roses

I don't know who first thought of putting a calliope on a showboat, but, whoever it was, he sure was a smart showman because there never was anything like one of those ear-splitting contraptions for fetching a crowd. The first one I have any recollection of was on "The Floating Palace," owned by Spalding & Rogers, before the Civil War, and on its first trip down the river it stirred up more excitement than you could shake a stick at.

It made the Negroes so happy they just about threw conniption fits, laughing and hugging each other and rolling over on the ground. It brought white people a-running, too. There was something about the sound of a tune being blasted out of a bunch of steam whistles that made mostly everybody want to knock off work right away and start frolicking around

The Indians were about the only ones who didn't cotton up to it—it sounded like bad medicine to them. At one landing where the boat tied up a crowd of them came aboard, nosing around like they always did, just to see what they could pick up when nobody was looking. All at once the calliope player let go and knocked out a rip-snorting tune that beat any war-whoop those redskins ever heard. For a second they just stood there like they were frozen stiff. Then they dived overboard like a lot of bullfrogs—"ker-splash ker-splash ker-splash"

In a lot of places the Mississippi takes a heap of twists and turns and keeps doubling back on itself so when a showboat with a calliope went snorting along it was better than a parade for drawing the customers. Everybody on both banks could hear that whistling music for miles around and started coming to town

When people get all worked up over a sound like that they're liable to do pretty nearly anything. I remember hearing an old-time showboat man tell about the way it hit a young girl who lived in a tumbled-down old plantation house somewhere below Natchez This must have been somewhere around ten or twelve years after the War was over and her father was one of those cotton planters who were having a hard time making a living out of their land without their slaves

It's been so long ago I couldn't remember her father's name if my life depended on it, but I don't reckon it will do any harm to just call the girl Mary Lou. Mostly all of those Southern belles had double barrel names, like one wasn't good enough for them. But that was about all Mary Lou did have outside of a mighty pretty little face and a hankering to be a play actress, like her mother had seen way back in the good old days before the War when she used to make trips to Europe and New York and was all the time telling Mary Lou about

Mary Lou thought a lot about acting and about playing a piano, too, up on a great big stage with a heap of people sitting out in front of her, bending over to catch every bit of it and then clapping their hands like a cloudburst. She could already play the piano right well—her mother had taught her that

But it looked like Mary Lou was going to have to spend the rest of her life washing and ironing her own clothes and helping with the cooking and doing all kinds of things that were simply ruining her soft, white hands. Then one day she heard the calliope calling to her, way off across the swamp land, and I reckon it was about the sweetest music she ever heard

She couldn't tell anybody what she aimed to do because they would lock her up in her room, sure as shooting. After the War, showboats got a bad name for themselves because so many gamblers took up with them and traveled around that way, carrying on their trade—and this got to be a sort of sideline with some showboats. At the time I'm telling about, the sure enough showfolks, who were as good a lot as you'd find anywhere, were trying to live down that bad name, but they weren't having any easy time doing it—and at a heap of landings the sheriff and a posse would meet them with guns and tell them to move on

So Mary Lou slipped out of the house without letting on what she was up to and went into the little river town where this showboat was fixing to put on a performance She walked right aboard while they were holding a rehearsal and when she saw what was going on up on the stage her big eyes opened up wider than ever and she couldn't hardly stand still like a thoroughbred filly, prancing around just before her first race.

It was one of those "mellerdrammer" shows about the War with a pretty girl handcuffed in a telegraph office while a battle was going on outside, and soon as Mary Lou saw it she figured she could act out that part just as well as the girl up there on the stage.

A big fellow in a "jim-swinger" coat and checkered pants, with a cigar in his mouth and a slouch hat stuck on the back of his head, was shouting at everybody, telling 'em what to do, so Mary Lou figured he must be the "captain" who ran the outfit, and quick as they got through practicin she went up to him and asked for a job

"Hum!" he said, looking her over like farmers at a fair do with prize stock. "Not bad, not bad at all. Can you play the piano?"

"Why yes," replied Mary Lou, her heart just about jumping up in her mouth. "I can play right well."

"Then you're a gift from heaven," said the captain. "I got to have a piano player right away"

This wasn't a very big showboat and they didn't have any band, but just carried a man to play the piano and the calliope. But it seems that he had been ailing for some time and right after playing the tune Mary Lou heard coming across the swamps he took a turn for the worse and had to be toted ashore, and now the doctor said they'd have to leave him there.

So Mary Lou sat down at the piano to show what she could do and the captain said:

"Not bad, not bad at all. It's a little too sweet and it kind of drags, like a darkey going to work, but I think you'll do soon as you get the hang of it and put more ginger in it. Now come on up on the top deck and I'll let you try the calliope."

Considering all the excitement it stirred up, the calliope wasn't much to look at—a big iron steam pipe curved around in the shape of a "U," with a double row of different sized whistles, great big ones and little bitty ones, and a wooden box at one end holding the keyboard, which had wires running out to pull down the whistle handles. But Mary Lou walked all around looking it over like it was something off a Christmas tree

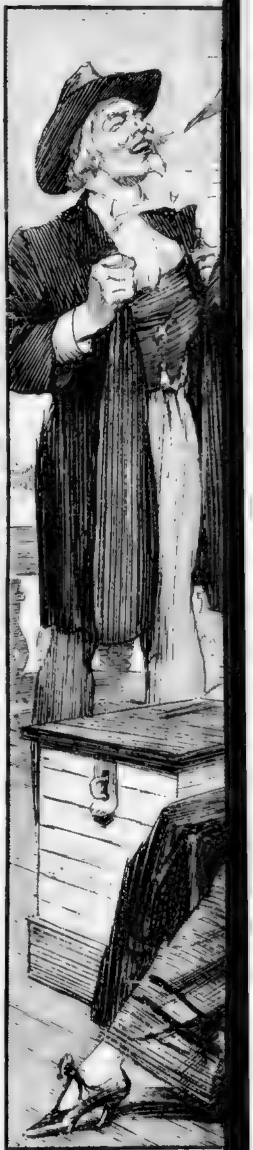
The captain gave her a pair of long men's gloves that pretty nearly came up to her shoulders and then showed her how she had to stand back from the keyboard while playing it and keep her head turned to one side, so she wouldn't get her face parboiled when the scalding steam spurted out.

"Steam for the calliope!" he shouted to the engineer back on the towboat, and Mary Lou started pecking out "Dixie," a little shaky at first but stronger as she went along

"That's the ticket!" the captain said. "And that's just the tune for these here parts"

He was right about that, too, because before Mary Lou even got to the chorus the crowd on the landing were shouting their heads off, and that brought out some of the young fellows who worked in the office of the cotton warehouse

"Great Caesar's ghost!" said one of them.



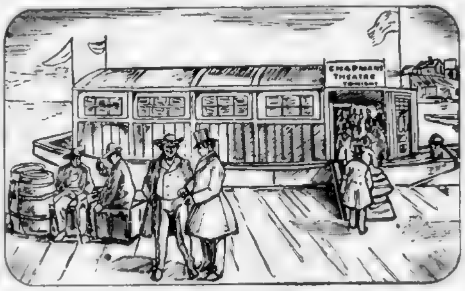
"When the planter got t
menced puffing up like a spreadin
that, with her hands chained to t

VER" By Capt. Louis Rosche

he Vanished Pageant of the Mississippi and
---Romantic, Tragic and Adventurous, the
Heroes, Bad Men and Bad Women Who
e Historic Water-Road---Told by the
ast of Its Old-Time Captains

here at last, all set to give that daughter of his 'Hail Columbia,' he took one look at her and com-
g adder. All at once he let go and broke out laughing—because she did look funny, wilted down like
e calliope."

Two Showboat Posters Put Up Ahead of the Boat, Announcing "From Rags to Riches," and "The Fast Mail," Melodramatic Favorites in Which the Heroines Are Saved from Fates Worse Than Death at the Last Minute. From the Collection of Captain Billy Bryant.



The First Showboat On "Old Man River" Was Invented and Built by William Chapman, a Noted English Actor Traveling in the West, Who Liked to Fish and Thought of This Novel Way of Combining Business and Pleasure. A Sketch, Done in 1817 by Dr. Judd of New Orleans, and Printed Here for the First Time by Courtesy of Frank Chapman, Son of the Inventor of the Showboat.

"That's Mary Lou. We got to send for her pa right way."

So they did, and that planter came storming onto the showboat, stomping mad and took his daughter home, crying her eyes out. But that wasn't the end of it.

The showboat shoved off around midnight and the next day right after it tied up at the next landing on down the river the sheriff came aboard and said he was going to search the "floatin' den of Satan" from stem to stern.

It seems that Mary Lou climbed out of her window in the early part of the night and let herself down with the bed sheets knotted together—that's how bad she wanted to be a play actress. But, as I said, this was some little time after the War and they were already building railroads out in that part of the country and putting in telegraph stations. So the planter sent a telegram to the sheriff telling him to get Mary Lou off that boat if he had to rip every plank apart.

The captain and all the others said she wasn't there and it looked like they were right because the sheriff couldn't find her. So he gave up and was just about to leave when he stopped a minute to ask the captain some questions, just for the fun of it—the sheriff was like everybody else, always curious about showfolks and what they did and how they lived.

"How come you haven't got no calliope?" he asked, and the captain said they did have, only they didn't have anybody to play it.

"Where is it?" the sheriff asked. "I never seen one of those contraptions at close range and I was just wondering how you worked it."

So the captain took him up on the top deck and there was Mary Lou, handcuffed to the calliope. Nobody had seen her because she had kept herself crouched down close as she could to the deck on the offshore side. Right away, the sheriff blew up and started to arrest the captain, but Mary Lou commenced crying and said it was all her fault and the captain didn't know a thing about it. She slipped on board during the performance and hid till the audience left and the showfolks went to bed. Then she got the handcuffs they used in the show, shackled herself to the calliope and threw the key in the river.

"I looked all around for something made of iron," she said, "so it couldn't be chopped in two with an axe and then I thought of the calliope. I figured this way they couldn't put me ashore and it would take so long to file the chain in two we would be way down the river by that time and then my father couldn't catch up with us."

"It'll take a good while, all right," the sheriff said, "because them bracelets is made out of mighty tough steel. But we'll keep this boat right here till we get you loose."

Then he called for a file and started filing away. It was a broiling hot day in July and that poor girl just about wilted down from the heat of the sun. But after a while one of the Negroes on the boat brought out an umbrella and held it over her.

When the planter got there at last, all set to give her 'Hail Columbia," he took one look at her and commenced puffing up like a spreading adder. All at once he let go and broke out laughing—because she did look funny, wilted down like that, with her hands chained up to the calliope.

"Don't you laugh at me!" she cried, tears running down her cheeks.

"Lord, honey, I can't help it," the planter said, patting her on the shoulder. "You don't know how funny you look."

Then he doubled up again and laughed till he just about split his sides. When the captain saw this he figured the smart thing to do was offer the planter a drink, and the planter took him right up on it. They went below and after a few drinks the planter came to the conclusion that this captain wasn't a bad fellow—and he wasn't, either. All the folks on this boat were decent people, trying to help the showboat business live down the bad name it got right after the War—and you know how this all turned out? It turned out by the planter deciding to let his daughter have her fling at play-acting, for a while, anyway, and sending along one of her old maid aunts to look after her.

All those old-timers who ran showboats used to call themselves "captain," although most of them didn't know any more about real steamboating than the man in the moon and generally hired a towboat to haul them up and down the river, or if they were prosperous enough to own a little packet of their own, they had somebody else to handle it for them.

Of course, a showboat couldn't very well travel under its own power. The stage and the seats took up so much room there wasn't any place to put the boilers and the engines, so they had to have towboats, or small packets, to pull 'em or push 'em—mostly push 'em.

Sometimes they built a showboat so high nobody in a packet's pilot house could see over it, and when they did that they had to put another pilot house on the top deck of the showboat itself, so all the steering and handling could be done from up there. They'd have tiller lines running back from the pilot house to the towboat's rudders and signal cords rigged up on the engine deck, to ring out orders for starting, stopping, reversing or speed ahead.

And the steam for the calliope came from the boilers of the towboat, the pipes on the two boats being hooked together with a long length of steam hose, something like the air-brake couplings used nowadays on railroad trains, only bigger.

I reckon pretty nearly everybody has heard the old story about a miner out West who was sitting in a box one time in an opera house watching one of those blood-and-thunder mellerdrammers and got so worked up over it he jumped right up and shot the villain dead, just when it looked like the girl in the show was in a corner where she couldn't save herself from what they used to call "a fate worse than death."

But, more than likely, the way that story first got started was from something I remember hearing about that really did happen on a showboat. It was a good while after the Civil War, but the people down South hadn't forgotten about the disgraceful Reconstruction days and the Carpetbagger rule, and were mighty bitter.

One night this showboat was putting on a War play way down the river somewhere. It was about a Confederate spy who had been caught by the Yankees and sentenced at a court-martial to be shot at sunrise. The big kick in the show was when a company of Southern soldiers came charging up and saved him at the last minute, but they didn't get a chance to that night.

An old soldier with a skinful of liquor was sitting in the front row and got so riled up by the performance he clean forgot it was play-acting. All at once he let out a Rebel yell, jumped straight up, yanked out a horse pistol and commenced shooting. It was lucky for the actors he was as drunk as he was, because his hand shook so bad he didn't hit anybody, but he just about scared the daylights out of them, not to mention the holes he put through the scenery.

One of the best known showboat men on the river was Captain A. B. French, who came from Kentucky, where he made enough money running a grocery store to get himself started in the show business. Captain French was a born showman, if ever I saw one. They say when he had the grocery store he used to polish up his apples with sand, so they would look bright and tempting.

At first he just had a small packet for the people in his show to travel on and would put on his show in a tent on land. But one night a big cloudburst pretty nearly washed his tent and all the trunks and everything else down the river. For a while all hands had to work like fury, flopping around in the water waist high, dragging everything they could up to high ground, and when they got through French looked down at the river and said:

"By cracky, if that's the way it is I know what I'm going to do. From now on I'm going to have my whole outfit on the water instead of in it."

So he built himself a new showboat and called

(Continued on Page 18)

EMPIRES OF THE MOON

Dramatized from Old Records

By H. Bedford-Jones

(Continued from Page 11)

days. This is for use, not for show Sit down, I want to talk with you'

Ahab grimaced and settled down on the cushions, still glancing curiously at the old-style armor outspread on the floor beside the queen

The room was glorious, a fitting setting for such a woman being part of the Ivory Palace that Ahab had lately finished A great builder who had enriched all the cities of his kingdom here he had poured forth his treasure lavishly, gathering all the most skilled workmen from Sidon, Tyre and even Egypt.

Ivory and gold and marble but chiefly ivory in walls and pillars and ceiling, all fashioned from an endless mosaic of this ivory veneer, so cunningly joined and cemented as to seem one unbroken mass [illegible] were thus veneered On top of this prodigious labor, the ivory had been delicately graven by the most skilled craftsmen The Cretan room was a glory of rich carving. The banquet hall, carven in Sidonian style displayed many curious scenes from the worship of Baal and Adonai and Azaze. Here in this room, that Jezebel loved Egyptian artists had worked on the walls and ceiling the entire story of Isis and Osiris introducing many odd and interesting details which were taken from ancient papyri

With marble floors fittings and ornaments in gold and carpets rich in color from the looms of Crete and Babylon this place was one soft shimmer of luxurious hues and materials It was a very miracle to find such a place in the rough hill country yet no more amazing than the woman enthroned here

Past her first youth though she was and mother of Ahab's children Jezebel yet possessed a certain ageless loveliness a true beauty of the [illegible] a flaming energy sat in her brilliant sapphire eyes a flicker of flame glowed in her deep red hair Her features her slim restless body now half revealed by a gossamer Egyptian summer robe held a loveliness unutterable Not the placid beauty of a quiet heart and calm mind but the tumultuous ravening beauty that shakes men's hearts that grips them and sways them to its will that bewitches them to evil and blinds them to all higher things

Ambition crowded the heart of Jezebel for herself and for the man she loved

Now listen to me, big stupid she said affectionately stroking the forehead of Ahab with her slim cool fingers We've got Jerusalem where we want it This Jehoshaphat is a vassal his son has married our Athaliah and all goes well However that we must not have is a divided kingdom It must be united made one again great as in Solomon's time And the fool Jehoshaphat is a simpleton

Hold on said Ahab He's nobody's fool if that's what you mean"

In his way he's as big a fool as the Egyptian archer Nefer who's certainly one prize blockhead exclaimed Jezebel He's the sort of fool who's dangerous in exact words a simpleton The prince and Athaliah are children With Jehoshaphat out of the way and with you as regent of Jerusalem we'll have the two branches of Abraham united '

What are you up to Ahab twisted about surveying her features You lovely devil, are you hatching up some conspiracy

'It's all hatched and ready she rejoined with her thin chaste smile

Well watch yourself he said uneasily I don't want any more trouble with Elijah and those prophets of Jahveh They raised [illegible] that business of Naboth's vineyard

She grimaced as at an unpleasant memory

That's exactly why I propose to [illegible] this affair [illegible] the [illegible] with [illegible] bassadors from Egypt [illegible] which [illegible] and with the [illegible] who was here [illegible] for Benhadad the Syrian king [illegible] Syrian army [illegible] and become regent of Jerusalem, what will happen

You [illegible] power in this part of the world [illegible] dear We [illegible] center everything at Jerusalem. An offensive and defensive treaty with Egypt will give us 50,000 men at [illegible] to build and garrison a chain of forts hedging on [illegible] a bulwark against the Babylonians and to check the Syrians With the Syrian army beaten you can march on Damascus [illegible] armed troops in return for a commercial treaty giving them [illegible] And [illegible] Damascus [illegible] are [illegible] to be [illegible] of Benhadad '

Ahab caught his breath What a head you have Jezebel How long have you been working on this [illegible]

Weeks You see what it would mean?'

He leaped to his feet and strode up and down

Think of it ' he broke out 'One man between me and empire Everything this side the Jordan [illegible] powerful kingdom men and money flowing in from Egypt on one side from [illegible] on the other with [illegible] the [illegible] roads [illegible] of Jehoshaphat without [illegible] Poison him '

And have the world accuse you of it!" she laughed scornfully "Don't be a fool Ahab Leave it to me the less you know the better. There's only one thing you must do Carry this armor along ' She pointed to the piece of mail on the floor "Never fear It's better made than any you have now. On the morning of the battle wear it, and wear a dark cloak over it '

He eyed the armor [illegible] her face [illegible] of a [illegible]

And [illegible] that gilded armor he's so proud of?"

Why not? He likes being a king let him be a king You know very well that the Syrian chariots will concentrate on you if they see you If they see him they'll take him for the king of Israel and concentrate on him

Oh he exclaimed and laughed That's [illegible]

[illegible] she said with acerbity But that's [illegible] the game I [illegible] boasting [illegible] the [illegible]

Rather [illegible] he said [illegible] deep [illegible] beautiful [illegible] Jezebel Is [illegible]

By the [illegible] of your eyes my [illegible] she said softly and kissed his cheek [illegible] Wear that armor [illegible] keep away [illegible] you take the [illegible]

And while the Syrian [illegible] sweep at him [illegible] Ahab laughed [illegible] pressed her to him [illegible] Are you coming to supper

Mercy [illegible] I have my [illegible] Zedekiah [illegible] my [illegible] forget [illegible]

Ahab whistled softly The [illegible] I need Zedekiah ben Chenaanah [illegible] a tower of strength when it comes to hand to hand work

Think of empire Ahab the horizon of glory

Oh have [illegible] way I'll [illegible] he [illegible] shrug All right He's your [illegible]

In that case [illegible] send him here at once [illegible] Also send that Egyptian archer Nefer with him

Impossible I gave Nefer leave [illegible] He [illegible] to get out of town before the gates are closed Some of the Egyptian charioteers are having a party at that pleasant den of iniquity just outside the north gate on the highway The one where they have all those priestesses of [illegible] from Memphis'

"Priestesses? I could put a better name to them" sniffed Jezebel. "A fine Egyptian evening eh? Oh I could wring your neck if I didn't love you so much! Here I must reach that [illegible] Nefer [illegible] fail and [illegible] Why did you give him leave? Pharaoh sent him to me He's my own property my bodyguard, and you've appropriated him in order to show off before Jehoshaphat

"Good heavens I didn't know the [illegible] was important! Why, he can hardly speak a word of Hebrew exclaimed Ahab in some alarm

That's exactly why I need him"

Well I'll send and get him for you

You will not she exclaimed angrily Sunset is past the gates are closed You I have the entire town [illegible] him [illegible] speak with him there myself

I [illegible] muttered [illegible] business [illegible] at night like a common woman'

Zedekiah will go with me He speaks a bit of Egyptian

All right all right But don't depend on that simpleton Nefer for any clever work He's the best archer in the world and good for nothing else He won't obey anyone but you because Pharaoh sent him to you he'll hardly obey me even And he has the brains of a 10 year old boy He's a big [illegible] with a genius for archery but that's all

That's [illegible] why he and [illegible] She [illegible] high honor [illegible] kiss [illegible] was gone

S[illegible] brought [illegible] food with huge [illegible] of grapes from Jericho [illegible] figs and melons from Damascus crisp [illegible] of [illegible] from Sidon From the banquet room below floated the strains of music and the singing [illegible] The night was warm and [illegible] were open to the air

Jezebel careless of the slaves doffed her light gossamer robe [illegible] the court of Egypt [illegible] her lovely body with perfumes She showed [illegible] she [illegible] Sidon where [illegible] Her father Ethbaal king of Sidon, had raised her to loveliness and to evil in his white palace by the sea If she loved Ahab, it was in her own manner and not after the fashion of the daughters of Jerusalem, who loved one man only. Jezebel had loved many men, for thus the women of Sidon worshiped their gods, and accounted it no sin.

She took a common blue robe with a hood to veil the face and head, such as women of the town wore, and put dark shoes on her twinkling feet, and looked up to see Zedekiah entering. She sent away her women and slaves, and pointed to the food.

"Sit, eat, drink," she said "You and I alone First I talk then we go on a journey '

"As far as you like, daughter of Sidon!" said the bluff soldier

He was a merry fellow, burly and heavy-bearded, yet filled with a cruel wit, and so deft with arms, so light on his feet, that few men could equal him at driving a chariot or breaking a battle line. He stretched out, seized some of the food, and wolfed it

"It's going to be a riot down below," he observed, watching her eat with delicate grace. "Those hill captains with Jehoshaphat can't hold their liquor They can fight like the very devil, but they smell bad, faugh! I hear they don't believe in bathing Well what's up? You didn't get me here to talk poetry, I hope

She laughed filled a wine cup for him and sipped of her own

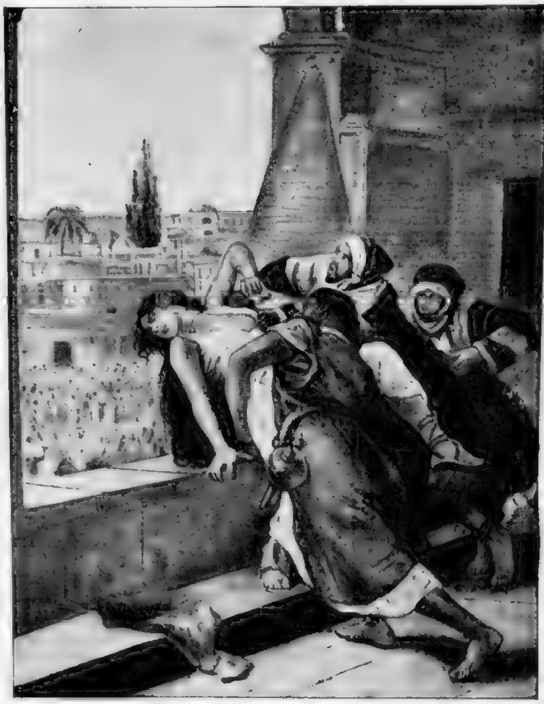
'You're going with the army but at my orders Zedekiah When the battle breaks Ahab will be disguised in ordinary armor [illegible] in the corner Jehoshaphat will be decked out in all the glory of his gilded mail

Naturally' and Zedekiah grinned They say he inherited it from King Solomon He hardly shows himself anywhere without it the old peacock It's down in his room now '

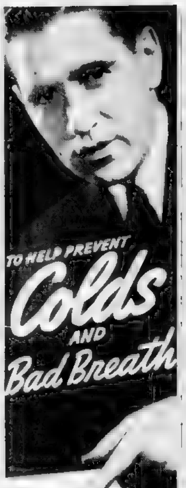
"He'll make a brilliant mark for an archer an archer who never misses his aim '

Zedekiah met her glance and

(Continued on Page 16)



The Death of Jezebel. From the Painting by V. de Brozik, in Which the Queen Is Shown Being Hurled from the Window of Ahab's "Ivory Palace"



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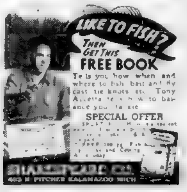

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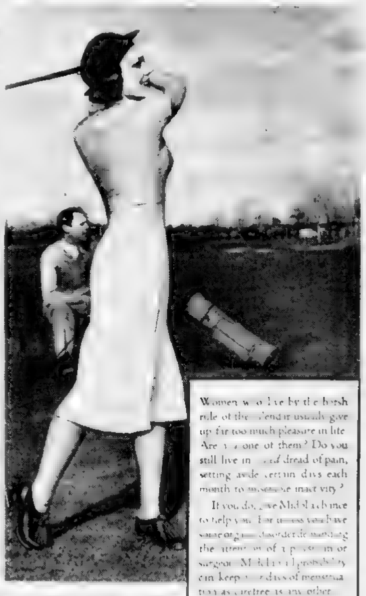

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EMPIRES OF THE MOON

Dramatized from Old Records

By H. Bedford-Jones

Ahab Demanding Naboth's Vineyard. From a Painting by T. M. Rooke.

(Continued from Page 14)

the mirth died from his face.

"What? By the horns of Baal!" He half started up, then sank back, staring.

"Listen," Jezebel leaned forward intently. "In your chariot will be the Egyptian archer Nefer. When the battle breaks, your job will be to maneuver somewhere close to Jehoshaphat and give Nefer the word. He's a blockhead, remember; you'll have to tell him what to do like a child. Then he'll do it."

"Wait! Don't give me that dance," broke in Zedekiah. "He obeys no one but you; he growls like a dog at anyone else. He doesn't know two words of Hebrew."

"And you speak Egyptian." Jezebel rose. "[illegible] we must find him. I know where. My signet will take us out of the [illegible]. When I order him to go [illegible] obey you, he'll do it like a [illegible] brute. And he never misses his aim."

"True," said Zedekiah doubtfully. [illegible]

"Come along and stop arguing. You've no love for Jehoshaphat?"

Zedekiah showed his teeth in a snarl. "Love him? The sanctimonious fool! I'd like to see him in his burial shroud."

They left the palace, the swaggering captain and the street-woman afoot.

THERE was a wild party at the house on the north road, just outside the city gates. The Memphis girls were entertaining a number of Egyptian charioteers from the army, and the hulking archer who was in a roaring good humor for once, warmed by wine and by the [illegible] tongue of Egypt so rarely heard in this northern [illegible].

Thick in the shoulders, able to bend with ease a horn bow that few others [illegible] even string, Nefer was as stupid as he was [illegible]. A very Hercules in [illegible], a touch of Nubian blood, as his swarthy skin and kinky hair betrayed. He did what he was told like a dog. Sent here to serve the queen, he snarled at orders from anyone else, but gave her a dumb blind devotion; to him, she was a goddess come to earth, a superhuman being.

When Zedekiah walked in with the cloaked and shadowy figure of Jezebel, [illegible] he was recognized at once. The charioteers saluted the captain, who was [illegible] of Nefer. He had drunk enough wine to make him more surly than usual, and he merely regarded Zedekiah with a snarl, [illegible] grip on the girl who occupied his knee.

"[illegible]," and Zedekiah [illegible] to Jezebel, who had remained near the door, her face [illegible], "wishes to speak with you in private, Nefer. Go to her."

"Go to her!" snapped Nefer. "I've no use for your Jewish [illegible]. I've got an Egyptian girl here, and she's better than all your hill-country women put together. I'm on leave, and I don't obey you. Leave me alone!"

"You will obey me," said Zedekiah and showed him the signet of Jezebel, which he knew well. At sight of it Nefer changed countenance, saluted and put the girl from off his knee. He snatched at his wine [illegible], caught up the leather-cased bow and the quiver of black arrows which he took everywhere with him, and stumbled toward the figure by the door. Zedekiah gestured the company to go on with their amusement.

"What do you want?" growled Nefer, coming up to the figure of Jezebel.

"Speech with you, in private," she said in Egyptian. "Where can we talk, away from this noise?"

He was astonished but did not recognize her voice. With a grunt he beckoned her and led the way up a stairway, to a tumbled room above, lit by an oil lamp. Zedekiah came to the stairs and waited there on guard.

Jezebel came into the room, closed the door, and drew the hood away from her face and head, smiling.

"I have orders to give you, Nefer," said she. "When you go in the morning, you're to accompany Zedekiah, ride in his chariot, go into battle with him. There, I want you to do exactly as he orders you. Wake up, dunce! Do you understand me?"

Nefer was gaping at her, open-mouthed, and she broke into a trill of delicious laughter. The archer had never seen her except as the queen, gorgeously robed, surrounded with every attribute of royalty. He now found her in the gown of a lower class woman, in a drinking tavern, in this room alone with him.

"You—you are not the great queen!" he stammered, his eyes rolling.

She laughed again, put out her hand and touched the black arrows.

"Of course I am," she said. "Look! You are to kill one man in the battle, by my order. Zedekiah will give you the order, will tell you the man, will show him to you. One of these black arrows must go through him. Do you comprehend?"

"Of course. It is an order. It shall be [illegible]." He passed a hand across his eyes. He looked at her again. [illegible] into his gaze. The dumb devotion of his face kindled into a flame. This glorious creature whom he worshiped from afar was suddenly a woman, alone with him in a mean room of a mean house, on his own level, eye-to-eye with him. He let the bow and quiver drop.

He reached out and his powerful fingers clamped on her lovely [illegible].

"You're the queen—you're not the queen!" he muttered. "The queen does not wear a common woman's robe."

Jezebel read the look in his face, knew what flame was wakened in him, and started back. But she could not loosen his grip.

"Careful!" she cried angrily. "Look at me, fool! Here, you know the necklace of the queen—look at it. And loosen my arm or I'll have you scourged!"

His grip held. With her free hand, she loosened the robe at her throat and showed him the necklace beneath it, the necklace of beads and scarabs which had come from Egypt. He looked at the necklace. He looked at her lovely throat, her white skin. The flame in his eyes became a consuming passionate fire.

With the one hand, Nefer drew her closer to him. With the other he caught the robe violently and rent it asunder so that the thrust of the effort flung her against him. He loosed her wrist, slipped his arm about her, held her to him, breast to breast, his wild gaze devouring her features.

A gasp broke from her. Then suddenly, with a convulsive movement, fury ablaze in her face, she slipped from his grasp. He clutched the robe. She left it to him, writhed clear of it, clear of his arms. A dagger flashed in her hand. As though the unveiled glory of her beauty blinded him, Nefer stood motionless for an instant, staring at her.

"Impudent dog!" she panted in vehement fury. "Dare to touch me and you'll be flayed alive at the city gates. I have you [illegible] paled and left for the birds to peck at!"

A low, cunning laugh broke from him.

"Not you!" he said, the muscles rippling across his brown torso as he moved and slowly approached her. "So you all think Nefer is a fool, eh? That may be; but you have need of him, or you'd not come here so secretly. Kill a man for you? I'll kill fifty men for you, a hundred, a thousand! I obey the great queen and her signet. You haven't her signet. Show it to me! Show me her seal! You're not the queen. You're just a woman, and the

(Continued on Page 17)

Does Your Breath Broadcast—"I WEAR FALSE TEETH"?

Play Safe—Be Sure—Use Polident

Most people who wear plates or bridges suffer from a special kind of bad breath. Dentists call it "denture breath."

You won't know if you have it but it can spoil your happiness. Friends will shudder, people avoid you! And the worst of it is that ordinary brushing cannot prevent it. Neither will mouth washes. For the odor comes from a mucin-scum that collects on plates and bridges. This scum soaks up germs and decay bacteria and causes a vile odor that you cannot detect.

One thing can stop "denture breath"—and that's Polident. This new brushless cleaner for false teeth has won the approval of thousands of dentists. Users say it is a great blessing.

Polident not only purifies false teeth but also removes all stain, tarnish and deposits. Makes breath sweeter, plates look better and feel better. Costs only 30c at any drug store and lasts for many weeks. Money back if you are not delighted.

Cleans, Purifies Like Magic

Put plate or bridge [illegible]
POLIDENT

Prevents "Denture Breath"

I HAVE NEVER HAD A CORN SINCE USING DR SCHOLL'S!

END CORNS

QUICK, SAFE, SURE RELIEF!

Stop suffering! Put Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on your corns, callouses, bunions, sore toes—or wherever the shoe hurts—and you'll have no more pain. Enjoy instant, safe relief with these soft, soothing, healing, cushioning pads. Any corns or callouses you have will be quickly removed. Wear new or tight shoes and never have corns, sore toes or blisters. This Medically safe relief costs but a trifle. Sold everywhere. Insist on Dr. Scholl's Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

HONESTLY, I'D SELL MY WEDDING RING FOR A DIME!
WASHDAY DRUDGERY WAS WRECKING HER LIFE -- UNTIL SHE DISCOVERED THIS SIMPLE CLOTHES-WASHING SECRET...
WHY, JEAN! WHAT A DREADFUL THING TO SAY!
IT'S TRUE! IF I'D KNOWN WHAT A WASHBOARD DRUDGE I'D BE, I'D NEVER HAVE MARRIED ED FOSTER -- OR ANY OTHER MAN!
BUT, JEAN, ALL THIS SCRUBBING IS PERFECT NONSENSE IN THESE DAYS OF NO-SCRUB SOAP. LET ME RUN HOME AND GET MY PACKAGE OF OXYDOL.
ALL RIGHT, BETSY, IF YOU INSIST... BUT YOU CAN'T TELL ME THOSE FAST-SOAKING SOAPS ARE REALLY SAFE FOR COLORS AND HANDS!
BUT OXYDOL IS A NEW ONE -- MADE BY THE IVORY SOAP PEOPLE -- SAFE AS CAN BE FOR ANYTHING THAT'S WASHABLE ... JUST WAIT TILL I COME BACK...
AFTER BETSY RETURNED
HONESTLY, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! JUST 15 MINUTES' SOAKING -- AND THEY'RE AT LEAST 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER THAN EVER BEFORE!
IT'S MARVELOUS FOR COLORED THINGS, TOO. I'VE WASHED THIS VOILE DRESS IN OXYDOL SCORES OF TIMES AND SEE HOW BRIGHT IT IS!
ONLY ELEVEN O'CLOCK -- AND SEE HOW THEY SPARKLE! I NEVER DREAMED THAT JUST CHANGING SOAP COULD MAKE WASHING SO MUCH EASIER -- MAKE CLOTHES LOOK SO GRAND!
WAIT TILL YOU SEE HOW MUCH MONEY OXYDOL SAVES. IT GOES HALF AGAIN AS FAR AS THAT LAZY SOAP YOU USED BEFORE!

LATER
LOOK AT JEAN AND ED! DON'T TELL ME LOVE DOESN'T LAST!
GEE, HONEY, YOU HAVE SO MUCH PEP LATELY! ANYONE WOULD THINK YOU'D DISCOVERED THE "FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH"!
SILLY! YOU MEAN I'VE DISCOVERED OXYDOL. YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW MUCH TIME AND DRUDGERY IT SAVES!

DON'T SCRUB YOUR LIFE AWAY!

Join The Millions of Women Who Are Switching To This SAFE "No-Scrub" Soap That Ends Washday Drudgery Forever

STOP slaving away over a washboard! Quit scrubbing your youth and energy away!

Millions of women will tell you that this is utter folly now—thanks to an amazing new soap that *soaks out dirt in 15 minutes* without scrubbing or boiling at all. A soap that combines *speed* and *safety* to such a degree that it is the wonder of all who try it!

Called OXYDOL, it cost the makers of gentle Ivory soap over $1,000,000 to develop. Tests against other soaps showed it does these important things:

First.—One cup of OXYDOL makes as much rich, hard working suds as *three cupfuls* of other soaps tested. Suds so *lively* that they cut washing time 25% to 40%, in tub or machine.

Second.—Cup for cup, OXYDOL washed clothes *4 to 5 shades whiter* than other soaps tested—including less energetic GRANULATED soaps. Even "grimiest" spots came snowy with a quick rub.

Third:—OXYDOL soaked clothes as white *in 15 minutes* as these other granulated soaps did *in a full three quarters of an hour!*

Yet OXYDOL is so safe that every washable color comes out brilliant, sparkling, *fresh*. Even sheer cotton prints and voiles washed 100 consecutive times in OXYDOL suds showed no perceptible sign of fading.

OXYDOL saves money, too. One package often goes one third to one half again as far as even the latest soap chips on the market.

So—for the sake of *economy*—if for no *other* reason, give OXYDOL a trial. See how it puts an end to washday drudgery—see how much whiter the clothes come out. Like thousands of other wash-weary women, your only regret will be that you didn't try OXYDOL long ago.

You can get OXYDOL at all dealers. Be sure to order a package today! Procter & Gamble

TESTED AND APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE

OXYDOL
OXYDOL
the NEW "NO-SCRUB—NO-BOIL" LAUNDRY SOAP THAT'S REALLY SAFE

No. 12---THE ARROW SINISTER

(Continued from Page 16)

most beautiful woman in the world."

As he spoke he moved [illegible] steadily approaching her his voice hoarse with passion desire flaming in his face his hands outstretched. Then abruptly he plunged at her.

No sound escaped her, no cry, no scream. She stepped in to meet him the dagger thrusting viciously. His laugh sounded again as he warded off the thrust, caught her arm in both hands and wrenched the weapon free. It fell and he kicked it into a corner as he caught hold of her.

Then with tenfold fury, she fought his slow-moving resistless encroachment. Bare-handed she held him at bay for a little until those tremendous arms of his overpowered her. He crushed her against him once more devouring her eyes, her lips with kisses. Her [illegible] crept about his neck.

Swiftly her hands moved. Match his brute strength she could not, but she knew the cunning craft of the Syrian slave devices, the plunging thrust of hard fingers [illegible] at the base of the skull to bring the most rebellious slave to heel. A sharp cry escaped him. His head flew up and back, his arms swept out in agony. She was free again, free and reaching for the little wooden stool at her feet, free, sweeping the stool in a blow against his skull that felled him to the floor and splintered the stool.

She had conquered him. For a long moment she stood panting, staring [illegible] her bosom heaving, her eyes [illegible]. He lay dazed, half stunned but not senseless. He moved a little, put out his hand and touched her foot with his fingers [illegible].

"The most beautiful of all [illegible]" his voice.

The [illegible] and then [illegible] again. [illegible] she dropped beside him, caught his head in her two hands and pressed her lips upon his lips. His arms [illegible] crept around her.

The [illegible] lamp flared and then hissed as the wick slipped and fell into the oil and was extinguished.

Zedekiah at the foot of the stairs had quaffed a cup and another cup of wine, when the queen came down to him, wrapping the blue cloak about her, pulling the hood over her head. He accompanied her outside.

"It is arranged," she said hoarsely. "He goes with you. He'll obey you like the dog he is. Remember! You must give him the signal; he will send home the shaft when the moment comes at your bidding. He asks no questions."

"Good," said Zedekiah. "Then count the job done. I'll attend to all the rest."

She paused and laid a hand on his arm.

"One thing. Don't take too much for granted with that man. Nefer is not the fool we've thought him. He can be dangerous."

"Like a [illegible]," said the [illegible] concealed his smile as he saw her [illegible] about her shoulders. "Yes, I can well believe he's [illegible] but are you so very sure that he'll do as I [illegible]?"

She laughed a little. "Quite sure, Zedekiah. [illegible]"

ON the [illegible] the King of Israel [illegible] their tents [illegible].

"[illegible]" said Ahab. He had not yet [illegible] "Move [illegible] half the [illegible] now. I [illegible] with the others at [illegible] chariot array from either side. Agreed?"

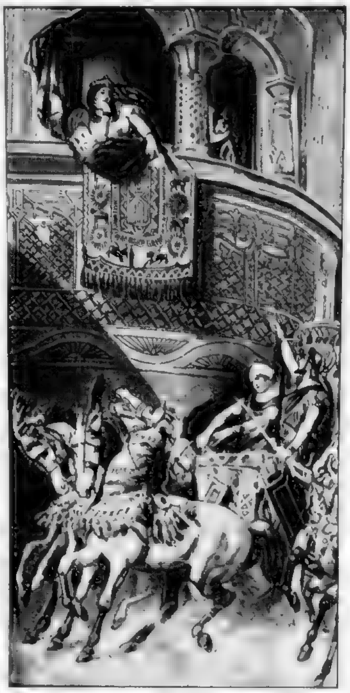
"Agreed." Jehoshaphat strode out to his own [illegible] which started at once. A roar went up from the Jewish ranks, a roar of war horns and voices as the King of Israel and his line of chariots wheeled about. Ahab turned back to his tent where stood Zedekiah, the archer Nefer and his captains.

Ready, he [illegible] and began to [illegible] the [illegible] old-fashioned armor he had brought along, showing no mark or badge of his rank. "Zedekiah, are you leading the charge or following it?"

"Following you, my lord, by the queen's orders."

Ahab grunted [illegible] and was ready. He sprang into his own chariot, whose Egyptian driver was a skilled and cunning man.

Zedekiah followed among the others himself driving, holding the reins of the horses while Nefer stood beside him holding a shield until it was time to shoot. The chariots ranged into line, wheeled, went clanking and thundering across the fields.



The Wicked Queen Jezebel Mocking at the Conqueror Jehu From Her Palace Window as He Rode Into Her Unfortunate Husband's Dominions. From the Painting by F. H. Corbould, R. A.

The Syrians were [illegible] seeing the Jewish force thus split into two parts. But when these two arrays of chariots [illegible] and [illegible] the Syrians lashed on with the whip. Yells of hatred burst from them at sight of the [illegible] figure of Jehoshaphat. Most of the [illegible] turned to meet his array.

"Death to Ahab! Death to Ahab!" [illegible] and gripped his spear as the [illegible] of the meeting chariots [illegible].

Zedekiah [illegible] back from that [illegible] chariots and [illegible] together [illegible]. Spears [illegible] he kept an eye on the press, circled [illegible] his horses [illegible]. A Syrian [illegible] Zedekiah, but Nefer [illegible] the blow, caught the sword-arm of the Syrian, dragged him over the chariot rail [illegible] into him. [illegible] and the body fell away. Nefer laughed and strung his great bow low.

"Now!" The chariot had halted in the press. Zedekiah turned, saw Nefer lay a shaft to string. "Now," he [illegible]. "The king, shoot the king, quickly."

His foot slipped as he spoke in the blood on the chariot floor. He came down with a crash and clang of armor, his head struck the [illegible] and he was momentarily stunned.

Nefer had caught the order, however. "The king." There at one side he saw the [illegible] figure. A far shot [illegible] but he could make it. The shaft was loosed. [illegible] the string. Zedekiah [illegible] sat up. A cry of [illegible] from [illegible]. [illegible] through the Syrian [illegible].

[illegible] at the [illegible] shaft that protruded from the [illegible] of his armor.

THERE was the story. [illegible]

[illegible]

The End

Next week's Empires of the Moon will be DREAM OF YOUTH, in which a fourteen-year-old girl—Cleopatra of Egypt—conspires with the young Antony for a Utopian State.

LOSE BAD BREATH—keep your friends

In spite of all that has been written about bad breath, thousands still lose friends through this unpleasant fault. Yet sour stomach with its resultant bad breath is frequently only the result of constipation. Just as loss of appetite, early weakness, nervousness, mental dullness, can all be caused by it.

So keep regular. And if you need to assist Nature, use Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. This mild laxative brings relief, yet is always gentle. Extremely important too is the mild stimulation it gives the flow of bile from the liver, without the [illegible]. That's why millions use Olive Tablets yearly. At your druggists, 15c, 30c, 60c.

AN OLD ENGLISH REMEDY FOR A COLD WAS TO INHALE THE BREATH OF A DUCK

NOWADAYS—
Doctors don't trifle with coughs—many advise Pertussin—
GIVES QUICK, SAFE RELIEF

[illegible]

PERTUSSIN
—Large Trial Bottle for 10c—
Seeck & Kade Inc. Dept. AM 30 440 Washington St., N.Y.C. Please send me a large Trial Bottle of Pertussin. I enclose 10c.
Name
Address

USED BY LEADING HOSPITALS
IN TREATING EXTERNALLY CAUSED
SKIN IRRITATIONS

Like countless [illegible] Cuticura [illegible]

CUTICURA SOAP & OINTMENT

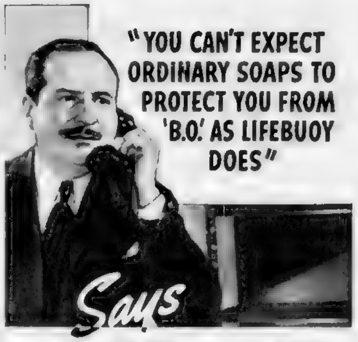
SEED BARGAINS
Earliest Tomato
JUNG'S WAYAHEAD. Big Red Fruits ripe as early as July 4th. Regular price 15c pkt. [illegible] Jung's Quality [illegible]
GRAND NEW FLOWERS
FREE
Coupon for Rare Premiums in each Catalog
J. W. JUNG SEED CO., Sta. 30 Randolph, Wis.

GRAY HAIR!
The Best Remedy is Made at Home

YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, [illegible] simple recipe. [illegible] water add one ounce of bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist [illegible] a week [illegible]

Barbo [illegible] gray hair [illegible] ten years off your age. [illegible] and easy to get rid of it in your own home.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY is the mightiest of magazines



"YOU CAN'T EXPECT ORDINARY SOAPS TO PROTECT YOU FROM 'B.O.' AS LIFEBUOY DOES"
Says
E. C. SHERMAN, Buffalo salesman. Relates sad experience with ordinary soap

"I MADE THE MISTAKE OF THINKING A BATH WITH ANY KIND OF SOAP KEPT ME FRESH FOR MY DAILY CONTACTS"
"IMAGINE THE [illegible] WHEN A FRIEND [illegible] THAT I USE LIFEBUOY FOR MY DAILY BATH"
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

Lifebuoy soap stops "B.O." as [illegible]. No ordinary soap gives you the same [illegible] extra-clean feeling Lifebuoy does. And you are extra clean you know. For Lifebuoy contains an exclusive purifying ingredient not in any other popular bath or toilet soap. Use Lifebuoy [illegible] lather will help [illegible] bring [illegible] loveliness [illegible] by test more than [illegible] many leading [illegible] soaps.

Get the Lifebuoy habit for bath, for complexion and for hands! Remember, the germs [illegible] more diseases may be spread by hands alone [illegible] Lifebuoy's purifying lather removes germs as well as dirt!

More women, men and children bathe with Lifebuoy than with any other soap

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS of families use The American Weekly Patterns every year. Do you? They are on next to the last page of this issue.

..hard day Ahead?
Guard your Freshness with a Cigarette that's always FRESH

BACK in 1760, when a Colonial gentleman wanted a fine tobacco in state, he went to the House of Lorillard. There, always, he got the choicest tobaccos, properly aged and blended, always FRESH, never dry or soggy.

In Old Gold Cigarettes, Lorillard still keeps faith with its earliest principles. Old Golds contain only prize crop tobaccos, long-aged and double-mellow. Brought to you ALWAYS FRESH, with just the right moisture content.

Double-sealed in double Cellophane, Old Gold's better tobaccos reach you in the pink of smoking condition. That's why you can smoke them morning, noon and night, *with never a "Cigarette Hang-Over".*

Outer Cellophane Jacket Opens From the Bottom [illegible] the Top
The Inner Jacket Opens At the Top, Sealing the Bottom

TUNE IN [illegible]

For finer FRESHER Flavor... Smoke Double-Mellow OLD GOLDS

MAJOR WINNERS OF OLD GOLD'S RECENT CARTOON CONTEST

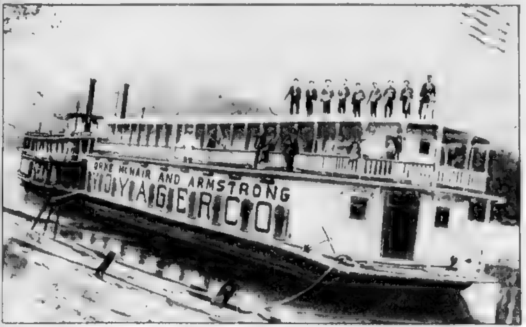
1st Prize, $100,000.00... MR. S. M. VAN SANT, JR., 231 Park Drive, Boston, Mass.
2nd Prize, $50,000.00... MISS H. D. BRUNS, 3 Edmonds Terrace, West Orange, N. J.
3rd Prize, $25,000.00... MR. B. J. ECKER, 4401 N. Winchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.
4th Prize, $10,000.00... MR. LOUIS GROSSMAN, [illegible] Coney Island Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
5th to 7th Prizes, $5,000.00 Each... Mr. Wm. E. Fairslow, U.S.N. Training Station, Newport, R. I. • [illegible] Ave., Houston, Texas • Mrs. J. Dlubosk, [illegible] Ave., Cincinnati, O.

A Bulletin listing the name and address of each of the 1,000 prize winners has been mailed to every person who participated in the Contest, winners and losers alike.

"OLD MAN RIVER"

By Capt. Louis Rosche

"When young hearts beat in the rhythm of Spring." A Scene From "Lena Rivers," a Famous Romance of the Old Showboat Days Which Is Still Played Today. It Was Made Popular Along "Old Man River" by the Noted Bryant Family of Bryant's Showboat, by Whose Courtesy This Old Poster Is Printed Here



Another Famous Showboat Was the "Voyager." It Specialized in Light Comedy and Vaudeville and Was as Well Known Along the Mississippi as the River Itself. From an Old Photo

(Continued from Double Page)

it the New Sensation and after that every time he got himself a bigger and better one he called it by the same name.

One time Captain French was fixing to put on a show near Point Pleasant, Missouri, when he noticed that the audience was nothing but men. He didn't like that so he walked out in front of the curtain and said:

"Gentlemen, we have a clean show here and some first class entertainment. But I don't see any of your wives, daughters or sweethearts out there. We've got the type of show they can see and [illegible] so I'll see if you better go home tonight and get them. You can get your money back at the box office but this show don't go on until your womenfolks are in the audience."

That stumped the men and made some of them mad as hornets but there wasn't anything they could do about it so they went on home. French and his company sat around in their costumes till ten o'clock and then decided there wasn't going to be any performance that night. But just after everybody got to bed somebody on the landing commenced shouting for the captain and when French stuck his head out of a window he saw a big crowd out there with lanterns.

"Captain," somebody said, "we've been talking it over and we reckon you're right. So we come back with our women folk and we're going to see that show."

And they did.

The people in those showboat troupes didn't make as much money as the actors who played in regular theatres in big cities of course, but it didn't cost them so much to live. They had quarters on the showboat itself or on the towboat and at the end of the season they generally had a nice little stake saved up in the "grouch bags" they wore underneath their clothes on a string around the neck. I reckon the reason they called them grouch bags was because that was the money they would fall back on if they didn't like the way they were being treated and made up their minds to pull out. They tell me now the girls call it "mad money."

A lot of the performers were married couples hiring out in teams, but there were mostly always some young unmarried people in every troupe that set out down the river and there was hardly a trip but somebody made a visit to the parson. I heard that one time Captain French was hiring an actor who had three or four pretty daughters he aimed to take along, and when it got down to dickering over how much money this actor was going to get, the captain said:

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll meet your price on one condition—every time one of your daughters gets married on this trip you take a twenty per cent cut in salary."

The actor laughed and said that was all right with him because he knew those girls and none of them was thinking of getting married. But the captain laughed too because he knew the way the Mississippi country takes hold of young folks in the Summertime with a great big moon shining and everything so still and quiet 'cept the regular swishing of the paddle wheel and maybe a whip-poor-will way over in the woods lashing out every now and then with a lonesome cry that's enough to make any two people want to get closer together, or maybe a mocking bird, singing its heart out.

And it turned out that the captain had the last laugh because before the boat got to Memphis every one of those girls was married to some young fellow in the company, an actor or a member of the brass band, and their father's salary had been whittled down till he wasn't getting much more than the cook.

But any young fellow on those boats who managed to steer clear of the parson didn't have to be lonesome, not by a whole lot. Just like a sailor is supposed to have a girl in every port, the single men on those showboats generally had a sweetheart at most every landing. I remember hearing about one fellow who said if he could take a market basket and collect all the bracelets and gewgaws he had given away between Cincinnati and New Orleans it would be so heavy he couldn't tote it.

It worked the other way around too. Year after year a showboat would go back to any landing where business was good and in that way a lot of times the people ashore got right well acquainted with the showfolks and would give them presents—a sugar-cured ham, a basket of peaches, some blackberry jam or watermelon-rind pickles. And it was quite the thing, too, for pretty young girls to pitch bouquets of flowers to the members of the band when the parade went by.

They mostly always had a parade. They would have a few regular musicians who played during the show but they needed a big band for the parade so they generally hired deckhands who could "double in brass," or toot a horn. When it was time for the parade, these deckhands would get into fancy coats and caps and march along with the regular musicians, blasting away on a slide-trombone or a cornet. The regular musicians always marched in the front row where they had the best chance to grab at the bouquets pitched out by the pretty girls, and on account of that they were generally called the "bouquet brigade."

Some of the big showboats used to have advance agents who went ahead to drum up trade. They traveled in regular steamboats and when they got to a landing where the show was going to be put on they hired a horse and buggy and went around tacking up posters. Later on, when gasoline engines came into general use they used to go chugging along in small motorboats up and down little rivers, side creeks and bayous.

Big winds on the river used to give the showboat men a heap of trouble because it was a tough job handling one of those lumbering old boats in a stiff blow. One time a storm came up while Captain French was putting on a show and it took his boat clean across to the other shore. It looked like the audience was about to get panicky but Captain Wiley Patterson McNair, who was helping Captain French in the business, told the band to play dance tunes and everybody had a fine time dancing on the stage till the wind died down enough for them to get the boat back. Then the audience didn't want to quit dancing and McNair had to tell the band to stop playing before they would leave.

Captain Wiley and his brother Captain John McNair both got their start in the showboat business working for Captain French. I remember hearing about another time when Captain Wiley took one of French's boats up the Yazoo river, aiming to put on a show at a great big plantation that belonged to [illegible] Towne, who had more land and hired more Negroes than anybody in that part of the country.

But before Wiley got there the advance agent came back and said Mr Towne didn't have any use for showboats because another one had been to his place and pretty nearly went down with most of his Negroes on it. So many of them crowded on the boat to see the show it commenced turning turtle and a lot of them got hurt trying to get off.

So Wiley tied up at Minter City and gave the show there and Mr Towne's two boys slipped away and came down to see it. A big storm came up and when the show was over there were those two boys and no way to get home without tramping through the rain. Soon as Wiley found out who they were he sent them back in the advance agent's motorboat. That brought Mr Towne around all right and the next day he asked Wiley to come on up to his place and put on the show for his Negroes. He bought out the whole boat.

After that they were good friends. Another time Wiley ran out of coal up the Yazoo and asked Towne to let him have some cord wood and some Negroes to load it. After it was on board Wiley wanted to know how much he owed and Towne said:

"You don't owe me anything. Just pay the darkies for their time."

So Wiley [illegible] to pay the Negroes a [illegible] and counted out a big pile of silver dollars for Towne to give to them. Towne put the silver in his pocket but it was so heavy it weighed him down. So he pulled it all out again and threw it back on the cabin table.

"Oh, to hell with it," he said. "I'll give 'em all a quarter apiece."

Years after that Wiley was putting on his show one night in Minter City when somebody came backstage and told him Mr Towne was dead and was going to be buried the next day. So after the show Wiley went out on the stage and told the audience he was going to take the boat up the river to the funeral and anybody who wanted to could go along. About all of them took him up on it too.

They buried Mr Towne in the finest coffin that money could buy, a great big one lined with lead. But the rest of the funeral was just like he wanted it. The pallbearers were some of his faithful Negroes and the coffin was hauled to the cemetery in a farm wagon drawn by a pair of black mules.

After Wiley left Captain French he went into business with Captain E. A. Price who had once been French's partner. Most of the time Price was an easy going fellow and hard to get ruffled but when he did get excited you never could tell what he was going to say. One time a high wind came up and he shouted to a deckhand:

"Throw over the anchor!"

"Ain't no use!" the deckhand came back at him. "That anchor ain't got any rope on it."

"Throw it over anyway!" shouted the captain and the deckhand did.

Another time Price and McNair took their boat on a trip through the bayous [illegible] and pretty [illegible] to get a boat through them, specially when there are so many shallow places where it's liable to be run aground. So the only thing to do is hire some pilot who hangs out around there and knows his way around.

But those pilots aren't used to steering from a pilot house high up on top of a showboat and this one Price and McNair hired got himself all mixed up and missed his landmarks. So there they were creeping along in shallow water with the bottom getting closer and closer every minute [illegible] and touch it with your hand. After a while McNair got so worried about it he said he thought they better stop the engines and put out an anchor to hold the boat till the pilot could figure out where they were.

"Captain McNair," Price said, "there's not enough water in this dad-blamed channel to float an anchor."

Another time Captain McNair took their boat out on a trip by himself and later on Captain Price sent Mrs Price on down to the boat to see how business was going. She stayed with the boat about four weeks helping Wiley with the tickets and one thing and another and when she got ready to leave, Captain McNair said to her:

"Mrs Price, you been a big help to me. Business is good and I want to pay you for your time and I'm going to pay you well. I'm going to pay you $100 a week."

So she put the money in her pocketbook and kept it there, and when she got back home Price asked her if McNair had sent him any cash.

"Not a cent," she replied.

"Well, that's a [illegible]. What's the matter? Isn't he doing any business?"

"Sure he's doing business. He's standing 'em up in the aisles. He's doing so good he even paid me for helping him, paid me $400."

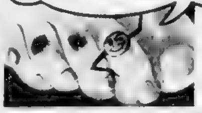
Captain Price turned red in the face and the next time he saw Wiley he said:

"Look here, Captain McNair, don't you ever send me any more money by my wife. Next time you hang on to it till I get there."

I've heard it said that the first man who ever thought of operating a showboat was an English actor named William Chapman and that the real reason he hit on the idea was because he was so fond of fishing. Anyway this Mr Chapman had a big family and they took out from New York over a hundred years ago and started putting on shows in the Ohio country anywhere they

(Continued on Page 19)

HA-HA! PARING DOES NO GOOD—I'LL COME BACK BIGGER THAN EVER



CORNS COME BACK BIGGER—UGLIER

unless removed Root* and All

OLD FASHIONED home paring is dangerous [illegible] bigger, uglier, more painful than ever. Don't take chances. Follow the [illegible] Jay that removes corns root and all.

The tiny medicated Blue-Jay plaster ends pain instantly by removing pres[illegible] corn cases [illegible] Blue-Jay [illegible] safety. There is no pain [illegible] Get your Blue-Jay today [illegible]

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS
REMOVE CORNS ROOT AND ALL

*A [illegible]

TRADE MOVIE MARK

Be considerate! Don't cough in the movies. Take along a box of Smith Brothers Cough Drops for quick relief. Black or Menthol [illegible]

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections

Try this—you'll like it to relieve ITCHING SKIN

Bathe the tortured parts with pure, mild Resinol Soap and apply soothing Resinol Ointment. Resinol contains ingredients, well known and used by doctors in treating skin disorders. It gives quick, satisfying relief and aids healing.

SEND 10¢ for GUEST SIZE CAKE of Resinol Soap and sample Resinol Ointment. Resinol, X-12, Balto., Md.

RESINOL OINTMENT and SOAP

Mommy WAS ALWAYS SO CROSS

POLLY, PULL UP YOUR SOCK! AND STOP BOTHERING AUNT SARA OR I'LL SPANK YOU!
POLLY WASN'T BOTHERING ME, JANET
I'M SORRY, SARA - I'M JUST SO UNCOMFORTABLE ALL THE TIME, IT MAKES ME CROSS
JANET, I'M NO DOCTOR BUT THIS BATHROOM PAPER OF YOURS SEEMS TO ME A GOOD REASON FOR ALL YOUR DISCOMFORT. IT'S DREADFUL!
LOOK... I'LL HOLD IT UP TO THE LIGHT HERE. WHAT DO YOU SEE?
GOOD GRACIOUS SARA! IT LOOKS LIKE SPLINTERS! AND DIRTY SPECKS!
JUST COMPARE IT WITH THIS SOFT-WEVE WALDORF. I ALWAYS CARRY SOME IN MY PURSE
WHAT A DIFFERENCE! SO CLEAN AND SMOOTH MORE LIKE SOFT CLOTH!
TWO WEEKS LATER
HELLO, POLLY! HOW ARE YOU JANET?
THANKS TO YOU AND THAT WONDERFUL SOFT-WEVE WALDORF, I FEEL JUST FINE
AUNT SARA—MOMMY ISN'T CROSS ANY MORE
Waldorf
Scott Tissue

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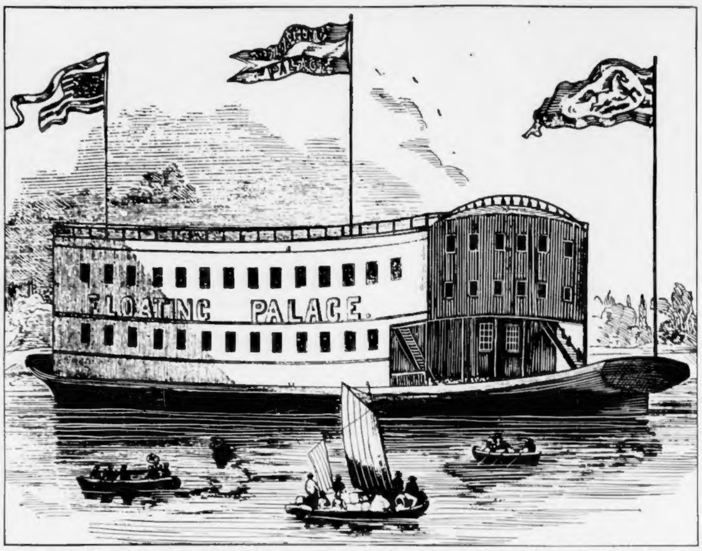
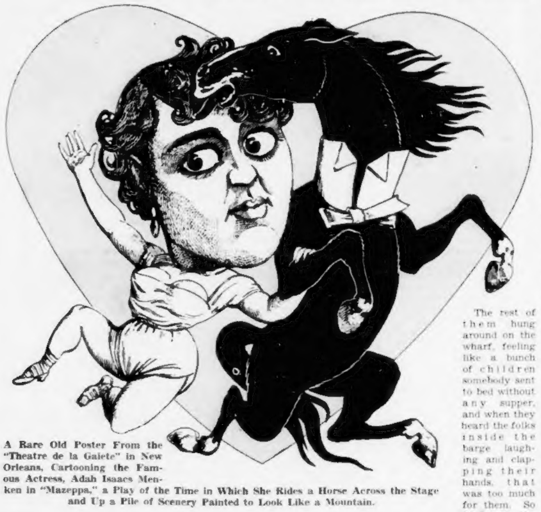

FLOATING PALACE.

"The Floating Palace" Was One of the First Showboats on the River and Was Owned by Spalding and Rogers, Two Enterprising Showmen, Who Put One of the Early Calliopes on Their Boat and Made a Sure-Fire Hit With It.



A Rare Old Poster From the "Theatre de la Gaiete" in New Orleans, Cartooning the Famous Actress, Adah Isaacs Menken in "Mazeppa," a Play of the Time in Which She Rides a Horse Across the Stage and Up a Pile of Scenery Painted to Look Like a Mountain.

(Continued from Page 18)

could hire a hall. But it was hard getting around from one place to another and half the time they couldn't find any place to sleep. Besides, that kind of life interfered with Mr. Chapman's fishing.

So one day, while he was sitting down on the bank with a fishing pole in his hand, like he most always was when he wasn't practicing for a show or putting one on, he watched a keelboat floating down stream and right away that gave him a smart idea. Why not buy himself a keelboat, build a kind of barn on it, put some benches in it and a stage at one end, and have himself a floating theatre?

So he did it and it worked like a charm. He floated his keelboat theatre all the way down to New Orleans, where he knocked it to pieces and sold the lumber for firewood. Then he and his family went back overland to Cincinnati, where he built himself another floating theatre and drifted on down the river the next season. He kept that up till he had enough money to buy himself a small steam packet and then he built himself a sure enough showboat, bigger than any of his keelboats, and all tricked out with a lot of fancy trimmings—red, blue, and gold, set off with a white painted background.

But he never did give up fishing—I've heard it said that he used to learn his speeches while sitting out on the deck, with a book in one hand and a pole in the other, and sometimes he might run out during an intermission in his costume and throw over a line, just to see how the fish were biting.

One time, before Chapman had his steam packet, he tied up his barge theatre at some little old one-horse town where mostly everybody was as poor as a church mouse and couldn't raise the price of admission, which was fifty cents. A crowd of them wanted to see the show, though, and hung around all afternoon trying to get him to give 'em a cut rate. But he wouldn't do it and went ahead with a performance for a handful of people who had enough money to get in.

The rest of them hung around on the wharf, feeling like a bunch of children somebody sent to bed without any supper, and when they heard the folks inside the barge laughing and clapping their hands, that was too much for them. So they cut the ropes and gave the boat a shove, sending it down the river. Everybody on the inside was so busy, either acting or watching the show, none of 'em had any idea what was happening and the boat floated on down the stream five or six miles before it fetched up on a sand-bar. When the show was over and the audience found out they had to wade ashore they were hopping mad, and I reckon Mr. Chapman had to do some tall talking before he made 'em see it wasn't his fault.

Of course, the showboat folk weren't the only theatrical people who traveled up and down the Mississippi. Quite a lot of people who made famous names for themselves on the stage used to make trips on the regular steamboats, stopping off to put on performances at the bigger cities along the way.

New Orleans always was a great town for entertainments. All the best singers and actresses used to go there, which reminds me of the first time Jenny Lind showed up in New Orleans for a concert. That was when P. T. Barnum, the famous circus man, had her in tow, and they came over from Havana, Cuba, on a ship. But just as soon as the "Swedish Nightingale" took one good look at the crowd that had come down to the dock to meet her she got scared and refused to go ashore. They looked too wild and woolly to suit her.

Barnum kept begging her not to act like that but she just stamped her foot and said she wasn't going to let that crowd of ruffians start pushing her around. So for a while it looked like Mr. Barnum stood to lose a lot of money. But he was full of tricks, and after rustling around the ship he got hold of a half dozen silk veils. Then he got six ladies to cover up their heads and faces with the veils, and sent them ashore, one at a time.

When the first lady in a green veil walked down the gangplank, some of the crowd thought she was Jenny Lind and followed her off to a hotel, shouting and shoving. Then he sent the second one ashore, and some more of the crowd followed her. He kept on like that till he had the dock cleared and could get Jenny Lind to leave the ship.

I reckon about the best known play actress who came from New Orleans in the old days was Adah Isaacs Menken, and before she got through she had a lot of people talking about her, in Europe as well as this country. Her father was an Irish store-keeper named McCord, and her mother was a Spanish woman. They named her Adelaide, but that must not have been fancy enough for her because it didn't stick.

Born on the outskirts of New Orleans, she struck out on her own as soon as she was old enough and became a ballet dancer. She must have done right well as a dancer, too, because I remember hearing that young fellows used to pitch all kinds of jewelry across the footlights to her—one fellow who was smitten pretty bad tossed her a diamond bracelet worth most a thousand dollars.

Later on she went out to Texas and started a newspaper, but that was out of her line, and before long she went broke. Then she married Dr. Isaacs Menken, changing her first name to Adah and hanging on to all of his name the rest of her life, even though she got married again, three or four times.

While she was out in Texas, she was captured by a band of Indians and a company of Rangers had a high old time chasing after her and killing a lot of those Indians before they got her away from them. After the Rangers saved her, she rode on back to their camp with them, and felt so much at home she stayed there for three or four months.

"I sure had a mighty good time," she told everybody when she got back to New Orleans, where people were beginning to talk about her and couldn't hardly wait to see her on the stage. She took all kinds of parts in different shows, but I reckon the best one was when she came out tied on a black horse. They say in that scene she didn't wear any clothes to speak of, and when the horse went galloping across the stage and romped on a pile of scenery painted to look like a mountain, it just about took everybody's breath away. The name of the show was "Mazeppa," and Adah must have been a big hit wherever she played in it.

In Europe she took up with a lot of writers, famous ones, too, and started writing poetry herself. Most people didn't think so much of the way she wrote, liking her better as a play actress, but they say Charles Dickens thought a lot of her poetry and gave her a good send-off. But I reckon she must have got to running around too much and got herself talked about in the wrong kind of way. Anyway, she died at last in Paris, without a penny to her name.

Another dancer they used to talk about in New Orleans was Lola Montez, who landed down there a few years before the Civil War, after getting along pretty well in Europe, where she was on right good terms with some foreign King. The day after she landed a big crowd gathered out in front of the hotel where she was staying and when she came out on the balcony, wearing a Spanish shawl and carrying a big fan, they commenced serenading her.

But about that time another crowd, made up of hoodlums who didn't like the idea of foreign dancers coming over here, came charging down the street with a lot of dishpans and cowbells, and started making fun of her with a different kind of serenade. The two crowds lit into each other right away and I reckon there were a lot of bloody noses before the police broke it up.

But the best story about Lola was when she got into a fight with the prompter, whose job was to keep the play-book in front of him when the show was going on and straighten out anybody who got mixed up. Down in New Orleans, the theatres in those days had a sort of box-like arrangement out in front of the footlights, in the center of the stage, and that was where the prompter stood, so he could see what the actors were doing but the audience couldn't see him.

Well, it seems that one night when Lola didn't have anything to do on the stage for quite a while she took a notion she wanted to watch the performance from the prompter's box. So she came climbing up into it from under the stage, which was the only way to get there, and crowded in right next to the prompter, who didn't like that a bit. They started pushing each other around and the first thing he knew Lola slapped him good and plenty.

So he had her arrested and when the case came up in court there was a big crowd on hand. Lola and the prompter had it nip and tuck, telling the judge about it, but what brought the house down was when the dancer told why she slapped him.

"He kicked me," she said. "I wouldn't have minded it so much being kicked by a horse, but to be kicked by a donkey—that's too much."

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Dainty Colored Roads to Solve Traffic Problems?

THE rising tide of color, which has splashed homes and cities to look like rainbows as well as the people in them, has at last assaulted the highways.

Roads tinted pink, blue, lilac, or dozens of other colors to guide motorists without the need of signs have been urged on the British Ministry of Transport. Thus, all roads might lead to London if they were pink, as the result of a suggestion submitted by Lieutenant-Colonel R. P. A. Helps, representing the British Road Federation.

He points out that both in the United States and in England, much unnecessary congestion of city streets is caused by out-of-town motorists trying to find the way. They pick crowded streets by accident, drive almost at random, keep delaying themselves because they don't know better, and meanwhile use up needed road space and take it away from traffic that has a destination clearly in mind.

Traffic experts realize that public and private signs only confuse the driver instead of helping him. They are hard to read, and if the motorist is slow at reading or if it is not a clear day, he concentrates on the sign and often runs into a truck in the meantime. Moreover, too many signs tend to defeat each other.

Colonel Helps suggested just painting lamp posts and telephone poles along routes in certain colors: green poles for the southwestern route, pink poles for main routes into London, and blue poles going out of London to the north.

Critics, objecting to the post-painting idea as being inartistic, suggested tinted c ment and tinted asphalt for the road itself. Any driver not actually color-blind would be bound to find his way about under such colorful conditions, it is believed.

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HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED TO MARY
THE NIGHT BEFORE
—ER PARDON ME —ER EXCUSE ME
NEXT DAY
DOCTOR, ISN'T THEIR SOMETHING I CAN DO TO PREVENT "ACID-INDIGESTION"? ITS SO HUMILIATING
SUPPOSE YOU TRY THIS
THAT NIGHT AT THE CASINO
DARLING, THERE'S NOT ONE THING ABOUT YOU I DON'T STILL LOVE—SO MANY MARRIED FOLKS LET THEMSELVES GET CARELESS ABOUT THEIR EATING HABITS
PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA
"I WAS NEVER SO *Embarrassed*"

—A YOUNG MATRON'S STORY

"Acid Indigestion" causes gas, upset stomach, "acid breath". Now there's a way to eat what you like and alkalize right afterward.

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The effects of acid indigestion are annoying to you—and unpleasant to others. Why risk offending when it's so easy to alkalize and hence be safe.

The quick way to alkalize is this: Take two teaspoons of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia 30 minutes after eating and drinking. Or, when among others—*take two Phillips' Tablets* that come in a small flat tin you carry in purse or vest pocket.—You do it unnoticed.

Relief is almost immediate. "Gas," nausea, acid breath and other offensive symptoms leave.—That "stuffed" feeling and pains from "acid indigestion" cease to annoy. You feel great.

This is the way, we believe, more doctors use than any other when alkalizing upset stomach. Try it—see if it doesn't work more promptly and effectively than many so-called ALKALIZERS.

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TO CARRY WITH YOU

Now made in tiny tablets—each equivalent to one teaspoonful of genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

Economical and Satisfying Dinners

By Mary Lee Swann, The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

IN periods of depression, or with returning prosperity, every home-maker should redouble her efforts to improve the low-cost diets forced on so many homes by low incomes, and much fine nutritional work has been done.

Many cheap foods can be made delicious by careful preparation, and the flavor of many expensive foods can be extended by the addition of a less expensive product. The wise home-maker will plan and experiment with such materials, putting a touch here and there that will add distinction and flavor to her menus.

"Practice makes perfect" is a copybook motto of long ago, but young and inexperienced housekeepers will do well to recall it when planning dinner menus. They may find it wise to serve the same menu once a week until the preparation and service are perfect. In this way a repertoire of delicious and inexpensive menus can be added to the efficiency of the home.

Hamburg Steak With Soubise Sauce.

SHAPE Hamburg or Salisbury steak in cutlets and pan-broil on both sides. Remove to hot platter, pour over soubise sauce and serve with hot broiled tomatoes. To make the soubise sauce: Cook 1½ cups sliced onions in boiling water to cover until soft. Drain, reserving water, and press onions through a sieve. Melt 3 tablespoons butter, add 3 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 1 cup of the onion liquor, ½ cup milk and salt and pepper to taste and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Add the onion pulp and reheat, adding additional seasoning if needed.

Pork With Macaroni.

COOK 1 cup broken macaroni and 4 onions in 2 quarts boiling salt water until tender. Drain, reserving the liquid. Put half the macaroni in a greased baking dish, cover with the onions, add 1½ cups diced cold roast or boiled pork and, if desired, minced green or red peppers. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 1½ cups onion or pork liquor and stir constantly until mixture boils. Turn into the baking dish. Add the remaining half of the macaroni. Sprinkle generously with buttered bread-crumbs. Bake until brown. Serve immediately.

Veal Fricassee.

WIPE 2 pounds veal, using a cheap but savory cut, with a clean, damp cloth. Cook with 1 quart water, 1 slice carrot, 1 slice onion, 1 stalk celery, 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper and a bit of bay leaf until meat is very tender. Cool in the water, remove and cut in pieces for serving. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, roll in flour and brown in butter or pork fat. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 3 tablespoons flour and brown well. Add the veal liquor and stir constantly until boiling. The mixture should be smooth and creamy. Pour the gravy over the veal and serve on a bed of steamed noodles. Garnish with vegetable fritters.

Jellied Vegetable Salad.

SOAK 1 tablespoon gelatin in ¼ cup cold water. Add 1 cup boiling water, and stir until dissolved. Add ¼ cup sugar, ¼ cup vinegar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, a few grains pepper and ½ teaspoon salt. Chill and, when beginning to congeal, add ½ cup grated raw carrot, ½ cup diced celery, ½ cup shredded cabbage, ½ cup cooked green peas and, if desired, a few shreds of green and red peppers. Turn into a ring-mold. Chill. Unmold on serving platter. Fill center with diced tomatoes and cucumbers. Serve with mayonnaise or French dressing.

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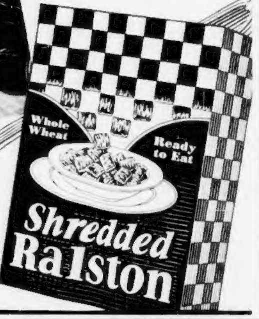

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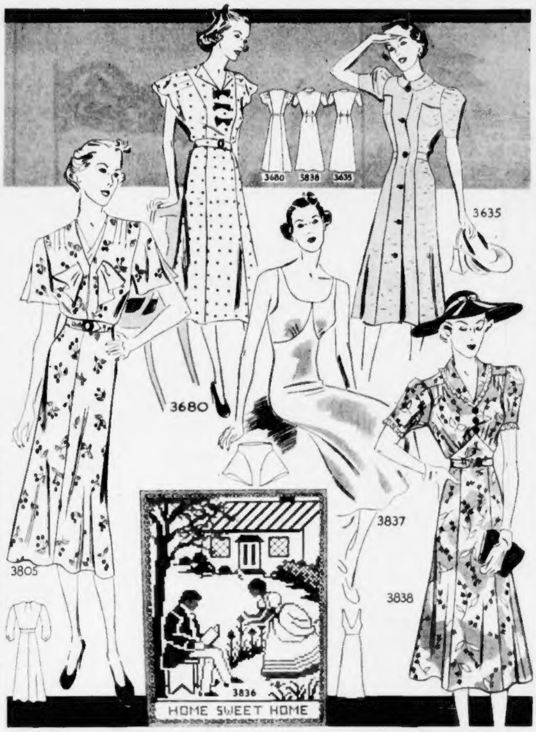

Pattern 3680 PRINCESS LINES PLUS THREE SAUCY BOWS WILL FETCH YOU A "BEAU" WHEN YOU WEAR THIS PRETTY FROCK! Designed for misses' and women's sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3635—BUTTONS DOWN THE FRONT, PERKY COLLAR, AND PUFFED-AT-THE-SHOULDER SLEEVES DISTINGUISH THIS YOUTHFUL SPORTSTER. Designed for misses' sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 4 yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3805—LOOK YOUNG AND SLIM THIS SPRING—IN THIS FLATTERING DRESS WITH ITS UNUSUAL NECKLINE INTEREST. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch fabric and ½ yard contrast.

Pattern 3837—AT LAST YOU CAN HAVE ALL THE LOVELY WELL-FITTING UNDIES YOU WANT—STITCH UP THIS DAINTY SLIP AND PANTIES! Designed for misses' and women's sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3836—SIMPLE CROSS-STITCH INTERPRETS THIS PICTURESQUE MOTIF ON A WALL HANGING. USE NATURAL COLORS. Pattern 3836 contains a transfer pattern of a hanging 15x20 inches; a color chart and key; illustrations of all stitches used; material requirements.

Pattern 3838—TRIM YOUR COLLAR AND SLEEVES WITH A CONTRASTING ORGANDY FRILL. MAKE YOUR FROCK OF A GAY PRINT—AND YOU'RE READY FOR ALL OCCASIONS! Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric.

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Mystery of "Fatal Music"

(Continued from Page 3)

starvation. The composer took the man to his hotel room and while reviving him with food and drink played idly at the piano, finally going as far as he knew in that song with the lost ending.

To the host's surprise the starving man rose, staggered to the piano and fell in a faint. It was Zimmer, the song's author, and on reviving, he insisted on going to his shabby room to get the music and there he was found dead with a note telling Offenbach to use the song if he liked. Offenbach did, incorporating it in what proved to be his greatest work, "The Tales of Hoffman," but he died suddenly, just after it was finished and before it was produced. What made the public believe the song was cursed came later. At the opening performance in Vienna, the opera house caught fire, killing most of the 900 people of the audience.

Queerest of all, the song was barred from China, in 1912, because it was believed that the Empress had it played to her so often that it unseated her reason and caused the revolution of that year.

In the Seventeenth Century, Matthew Locke, an English composer, wrote incidental music for Shakespeare's Macbeth, but stories spread about that every time an orchestra started to rehearse it, the members went home to find their houses burned down or robbed or some member of the family dead. After a while musicians refused to have anything to do with the piece. The music became so dead and forgotten that recently when it was rediscovered there was much doubt that Locke had ever written it.

The sinking of the Lusitania moved an English composer to set that tragedy to music, adapted to stringed instruments and he named it "Lusitania." It was given just once, in London, during 1916. Many of the audience, unable to stand their unhappy emotions, left the hall.

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Grand for dishes, too

● The New Rinso offers you a new way to wash dishes. Just soak your dishes in those thick Rinso suds for a few minutes. Then swish and rinse—dishes come sparkling clean without a trace of greasy film on them.

TUNE IN ON "BIG TOWN" Rinso's thrilling human interest program, featuring Edward G. Robinson with Claire Trevor. Every Tuesday Evening 8:00 P. M. (E.S.T.) over Columbia Network.

All 5 for Only 10c.

Weeping Palm

A fine Showy Window Palm. Needs no potting to succeed. Stands dust, dry air, lack of sunshine. **Ornamental.** Elegant **Fan Shaped** leaves of dark green. Grows in pots or open ground. To introduce our Catalog, we **Give** with this the

Shoo-Fly

Plant. Keeps Flies Out of House. It is said flies will not stay where it is grown. Mysterious. **Blooms 60 days from planting.** Flowers Summer and Winter. A beautiful house plant. **We also include**

Rose Bushes

Flowers in **8 weeks** from planting seed. **Bloom Every Ten Weeks** from Spring to Fall. In 3 yrs. will be literally covered with Roses, perfectly hardy & can be planted in the open ground. Frost will not hurt them.

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Save Garden Space. Vines climb readily. Grow on fences, poles, etc., saving valuable space in small gardens. **One hill keeps a good sized family supplied all summer.** Bear early. Continue to produce fruit all season. One plant bears 40 to 50 fruits.

Delicious Peaches

Ripe fruit in 80 days. Resemble oranges in color, shape, size. Grow on vines like melons. **Beautiful and Tempting** appearance when canned. Make delicious **preserves and sweet pickles.** Fine for pies. Easy to grow. **All 5 pkgs. of seed for 10c & 2c postage.** Catalog rare seeds **Free.**

E. J. Murvon, Dept. 72, So. Norwalk, Conn.

AMAZING NEW EXTERNAL REDUCER MAKES YOU Lose fat SAFELY, EASILY, QUICKLY

NO LIQUIDS, PILLS OR LAXATIVES TO TAKE—NO DIETING, NO EXERCISING—LOSE POUNDS AND INCHES OR NO COST

IF you're too fat, not due to gland trouble—if dieting is a hardship and you fear drugs—just eat 3 square meals daily and rub on delightful **Dr. Laun's Stimulating and Reducing Balm.** Pay nothing if reducible pounds and inches of excess fat doesn't melt away almost like magic from neck, double chin, arms, bust, abdomen, hips, calves, ankles and feet. You are the judge. If the first 10 day's treatment doesn't show the way to lose bulky weight, regain slender, fashionable, youthful curves, gain health, vigor, without one minute's discomfort your money is fully refunded. Reducing is up to you!

SEND NO MONEY! — TEST AT OUR RISK!

Write today for the 10-day treatment of Dr. Laun's Reducing and Stimulating Balm. Deposit $1 plus postage with postman when it arrives. Money refund **GUARANTEED** on return of empty treatment if you're not delighted with results in 10 days. Send remittance with order and we pay postage. Don't delay. Test this new easy way to reduce at our risk. Write to **DR. LAUN SALES CO., Dept. 1 AW, 207 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

NEW TELESCOPE GIVES REAL THRILLS

ONLY achromatic [illegible] telescope at the price. Magnifies distant scenes, action, 8 diameters—clearly, sharply. Pocket-size (6 oz.). Rust-proof nickel. Real buy at $3.75. Other models up to 45 power. At stores, or direct, postpaid (or C.O.D.).

Money-back guarantee. Write for FREE Book!

Wollensak Opt. Co., 498 Hudson Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

WOLLENSAK

Patchy Baldness

DANDRUFF—ITCHING?

Why experiment? Start right—persist with the method that has a wide reputation for results as an aid in combatting these scalp conditions—Glover's Mange Medicine and systematic massage. Use Glover's Medicated Soap for shampoo—cleanses thoroughly and removes the Medicine's piney odor. All Druggists sell Glover's. *Many Barbers are skilled in giving Glover's Mange Medicine* [illegible]

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

DON'T SCRATCH that Itchy Skin

USE PALMER'S "SKIN SUCCESS" OINTMENT

For 67 years—*almost a century*—this well-known ointment has been used with remarkable success to help allay surface itching of the face, scalp, and *other parts of the body.* Use it with confidence for surface pimples, blackheads, skin irritations, and for such itching as that accompanying eczema. *Don't Scratch!* Instead, use "Skin Success" Ointment to promote healing and soothe the itch. 25c.

NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT!
HOLDS FALSE TEETH LONGER

Staze holds loosest teeth firm up to 48 hours! Just squeeze a little of this new dental discovery on your plate—and enjoy new all-day comfort even with lowers. *Nothing else like it.* More economical than messy powders. Can't spill. Recommended by dentists. Get a tube of Staze from your druggist today. Made by the makers of Stera-Kleen. Money back if not delighted. For free sample, write The Phillips & Benjamin Co., Dept. AW, Waterbury, Connecticut.

STAZE HOLDS FALSE TEETH FIRM

Stop *that* Scratching

RELIEVE ITCHING SKIN *Quickly*

Even the most stubborn itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, rashes and other externally caused skin eruptions, quickly yields to cooling, antiseptic liquid D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION. Dr. Dennis' original formula. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at all drug stores, proves it or your money back. Ask for genuine—

D.D.D. *Prescription*

IF you want to save time and energy, consult the menus suggested in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY.

New! ...A 7 DAY SHAMPOO FOR BLONDES

You Keep the BRILLIANCE, LUSTRE and LOVELINESS this Shampoo Gives Blonde Hair for a WHOLE WEEK!

Ends Dull, Between-Shampoo Look!

A single wash with this amazing new type shampoo instantly removes the dull, dingy oil and dust-laden film that leaves blonde hair lifeless, mouse-colored and "old" looking, and enables you to keep that "JUST SHAMPOOED" look, all week. Done in a few minutes and at a cost of but a few pennies, New Blondex gives your hair that glorious, lustrous, shimmering radiance that usually comes only in childhood. All shades of blondes find New Blondex leaves their hair lighter—lovelier. Start BLONDEX today. New combination package—shampoo with separate rinse—at all stores.

NEW FAUCET DEVICE MAKES DISHWASHING EASIER

FAUCET-QUEEN

Fits ALL Faucets — stays on! Switch to Spray OR Stream. Wash or rinse dishes, vegetables, etc. Has Strainer and Anti-Splash. Rubber cushing protects dishes.

Faucetqueen Co., Chicago mfrs.

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DOG OWNERS GET THIS NEW FREE BOOK

Simplifies your dog's care so he'll be healthier and happier and you'll be prouder of him. Learn how to SAVE HALF on FEEDING COSTS. Sent with samples of meat-vitamin-mineral-rich Miller's Foods. Write B. C. Dog Food Co., 369 State St., Battle Creek, Mich.

MILLER'S

BATTLE CREEK HEALTH FOODS for DOGS

THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

by Mary Lee Swann

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
Breakfast Prunes in Orange Juice, Poached Eggs, Bacon, Apple Muffins, Milk or Coffee.	***Breakfast*** Grapes, Whole Grain Cereal, Philadelphia Scrapple, Fruit Muffins, Coffee.	***Breakfast*** Canned Peaches, Cereal, Broiled Bacon, Corn-Meal Griddle Cakes, Coffee Substitute.	***Breakfast*** Sliced Pineapple, Cereal, Broiled Salt Codfish on Toast, Buttered Toast, Coffee.	***Breakfast*** Canned Figs, Cereal, Individual Omelets, Banana Muffins, Coffee.	***Breakfast*** Loganberry Juice, Cereal, Cheese Toast, Milk or Coffee.	***Breakfast*** Orange Juice, Crisp Dry Cereal, Coddled Eggs, Bacon, Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon Scalloped Tunafish, Ice-Box Rolls, Pickles, Shredded Green Salad, French Dressing, Caramel Rice Pudding, Tea.	***Luncheon*** Spaghetti with Milanese Sauce, Spinach with Lemon, Rhubarb Trifle, Lace Cookies, Tea.	***Luncheon*** Sauerkraut Cocktail, Meat and Fruit Grill, Shredded Lettuce Salad, French Dressing, Fudge Squares or Stewed Fruit, Tea.	***Luncheon*** Cream of Spinach Soup, Croutons, Jellied Cucumber Salad, Nut Dressing, Ice-Box Rolls, Applesauce Cake with Whipped Cream, Tea.	***Luncheon*** Grapefruit with Powdered Sugar, Steak Creole, Buttered Onions, Green Beans, Cabbage Salad, Swedish Blancmange.	***Luncheon*** Salmon a la King and Corn-Bread Shortcake, Iced Green Vegetable Platter, Broiled Grapefruit, Tea.	***Dinner (Company)*** Clam Bouillon with Whipped Cream, Crown Roast of Lamb, Potato Balls, Green Beans, Tomato and Romaine Salad, French Dressing, Banana Ice Cream, Lemon Cup Cakes.
Dinner Veal Cutlets with Noodles, Broccoli with Lemon, Iceberg Lettuce with Roquefort Cream Dressing, Fruit Compote.	***Dinner*** Baked Corned Beef Hash, Baked Bananas, Spiced Beets, Tomato and Asparagus Salad, Salad Dressing, Steamed Apple Puffs with Sterling Sauce.	***Dinner*** Veal Fricassee with Noodles, Swiss Chard Ring with Buttered Baby Beets or Carrots, Radishes, Celery, Pineapple Shortcake.	***Dinner*** Pineapple Mint Cocktail, Baked Stuffed Fish, Philadelphia Relish in Lemon Cups, Souffled Potatoes, Jellied Tomato Salad, French Chives Dressing, Rice Ring with Fruit.	***Camp-Fire Supper (After School)*** Liver and Bacon (Cooked on Green Sticks), Toasted Rolls, Radishes, Celery, Favorite Salad (Chilled and Packed at Home), Pie or Layer Cake, Coffee Substitute.	***Dinner*** Lamb Patties, Riced Potatoes, Mint Jelly, Buttered Broccoli, Beet Salad, Salad Dressing, Orange and Lime Gelatin with Whipped Cream, Spiced Cup Cakes.	***Supper*** Creamed Eggs with Cheese, Toast, Butter Buns, Macedoine Fruit Salad, Cocoa.

Maple Syrup Fruit Cake

CREAM 1 pound butter or shortening, add 1 pound sifted brown sugar and blend well. Add 1 dozen beaten egg yolks, ½ cup maple syrup and ⅓ cup light corn syrup or molasses. Beat until smooth. Add 1 pound candied cherries, 1 pound candied pineapple, 2 pounds raisins, 1 pound broken English walnut or pecan meats, 1 pound citron, 1 pound figs, ¼ cup candied orange peel, ¼ cup candied lemon peel and 2 tablespoons candied ginger. Mix and sift 1 pound flour, 1 teaspoon mace, ½ teaspoon cloves, ½ teaspoon allspice, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon baking powder. Dissolve 1 teaspoon soda in 1 tablespoon hot water and add to the butter mixture. Then add dry ingredients. Fold in 1 dozen stiffly-beaten egg whites. Turn into cake pans lined with buttered paper and bake in a slow oven, or at about 300 degrees. Let cakes stand in pans until cold.

How to Serve Prunes

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THE weather and the seasons are always important to the average housewife. For do not her market basket and its contents depend on whether it is cold, hot, or just lukewarm in between—on whether winter crops are about gone and tending to run spindly and poor, or on whether the new spring and summer fruits and other produce are yet available?

In this particular period, one seems to have run through all the gamut of strictly winter foods, and the time is not ripe for the fresh, alluring strawberries, May pineapples, new peas, asparagus and welcome green salad plants.

In this season, it's good to make the most of dried fruits, which may indeed be fruits, vegetables and spice in many a recipe. Apricots, prunes, peaches, pears, whole figs and the apple may bolster up a sagging menu-plan, with real deliciousness and economy. All of these products are now greatly improved, packed more tender, fresh and flavorful than some years past.

Indeed, one of the first things which the average housewife must do is to cast aside her ideas that dried fruits, and dried prunes in particular, must be soaked overnight or for several hours. Nothing is further from the truth. The newer packs are so tenderized in their process of manufacture, that any long soaking is out, and this holds for apricots, peaches and pears as well.

Quick cooking is the key-word of preparing these newer fruits, which indeed may be eaten directly out of the box or "out of hand," as they say, like light confections. In the first place they are tender, and since they are wrapped in waxed paper, in absolutely air-tight containers, they come to the pantry shelf with that all-important attribute of freshness. Quite different, indeed, from the old days when a large box of dried fruit stood on the grocer's shelf, open to dust and exposed to air which dried it more daily.

How shall these new tender dried fruits be prepared? Immerse them in boiling water, and boil either 5 or 10 minutes, depending on the uses to which they are to be put—never longer. The second thing which many housewives have to learn is that the use of dried prunes (apricots and all the others) need not be confined to that of a breakfast fruit. Too long has the "boarding-house prune" been a stock joke.

There are countless ways in which to use this wholesome and vitamin-bearing fruit—and as a stewed fruit is the very least of all the ways. Prune pulp may be the filling of a pie, the basis of ice-box cakes, an addition to flavor in cookies, coffee cake or layer and loaf cakes; or, when added to spicy relishes, prune pulp makes a most unusual treat of the ordinary sandwich spread. Whole prunes added to meats provide unusual fare and add tone and novelty. Prune juice may be taken straight or used in gelatin desserts, as sauces, and in other ways. Once started on this new idea of using prunes as ingredients and accessories, the housewife opens up a new chapter in her own cook-book.

And there are prunes, and prunes. Some are small, others large, and the rest medium, in between. For chopping, buy the smaller kinds, while for eating whole in salads, stuffed as relishes, etc., purchase the largest kind. Prunes in salad, by the way, are one of the most excellent ways of serving, both for the child and for those on diets. Cook without sugar; pit, and fill cavities with cream cheese, pickled onions, olives and other tart relishes, for the adult salad tray; or fill centers with cut orange bits, pineapple or peanut butter for the child's lunch-box. Roll these filled prunes in sugar, if desired.

A last word about prune pulp in breads, cakes, etc. Here is possibly a use for which many women have never tried them. Indeed, ask any neighbor, just for fun, if she has ever made prune quick-bread or prune coffee cake, and note her reply. But prunes, cooked and pitted, drained and chopped, are very good in soft dough breads and cakes. They are naturals to combine with cinnamon, ginger and similar spices.

Make up a quick soft biscuit or batter dough, add some prune pulp to it, and use on top as dressing with cinnamon and sugar—that's coffee cake your family will rave about. Prune muffins are also a pleasing change from the regular kind, and are often found as a specialty at smart tea-rooms.

Begin to prove prune possibilities, and you will be able to easily brighten up drab menus in this market season.

Tasty Prune Recipes

Prune Chocolate Layer Cake: 1½ cups granulated sugar, ¼ cup shortening, 2 ounces melted cooking chocolate, 3 well-beaten eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2½ cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, 1 cup prunes, cooked and pitted and chopped, 1 cup seedless raisins, chopped and dusted with flour. Cream sugar and shortening and add melted chocolate. Add beaten eggs and mix thoroughly. Add vanilla. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk, beating well after each addition. Add cut fruits. Bake in 3 greased layer pans for 25 minutes in a moderately hot oven, or at about 375 degrees. Put together with any Marshmallow or Seven-Minute Frosting.

Hot Prune Coffee Cake: 2½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 5 teaspoons baking powder, 6 tablespoons shortening, 1½ cups milk, 1 beaten egg, 1 cup prunes, cooked, pitted and cut fine or run through medium food-chopper, ½ cup granulated sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 4 tablespoons melted butter. Combine flour with baking powder and salt, and work in shortening. Add milk to beaten eggs and add to flour mixture, mixing lightly. Pour batter into greased shallow pan. Sprinkle prunes, cinnamon and sugar over top, and pour melted butter over all. Bake 25 minutes in a quick oven, or at about 425 degrees. Serve warm, as pudding or tea-cake.

Children's Jelly Delight: 4 teaspoons granulated gelatin, ½ cup cold water, 2 cups prune juice, ½ cup sugar, 3 tablespoons lemon or orange juice, whipped cream. Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes. Heat prune juice, add sugar, and dissolve gelatin in hot juice. Add fruit juices. Pour into large or small molds, and chill. Serve with whipped cream topping.

Cook Your Pork Well and You Won't Get Trichinosis

(Continued from Page 5)

produce serious or even fatal inflammations. In some other cases the brain or nervous system is disturbed, as though worms have invaded brain or nerves, which possibly they do.

Even mere invasion of the muscles may be fatal if the wormlets are numerous enough. In the latest medical textbook on the subject, Dr. Charles F. Craig and Dr. Ernest C. Faust estimate that a human attack may be fatal if there are as many as five burrowing wormlets in each average gram of bodily tissue; which would mean something between 200,000 and 300,000 wormlets in an average body.

If there are fewer than that fatal number, the ones that do succeed in reaching a suitable living muscle gradually coil up into ball-like spirals and slowly are walled off, apparently by action of the human cells, into the cysts which then wait patiently for years until another digestion of the muscle tissues starts a life cycle anew.

In San Francisco, Professor McNaught and Dr. Eugene V. Anderson took samples of diaphragm muscle from 200 consecutive human bodies brought into the University morgue for postmortems and digested these muscle samples in artificial gastric juice, precisely as they would have been digested in the stomach of a cannibal. Forty-eight of these 200 persons, or 24 per cent, were found to have been harboring some of the living parasites in their diaphragms, although not even one person in the group knew before he died that this was so. Among samples of pork sausages and other pork foods bought in high-class San Francisco markets, Professor McNaught and Dr. Anderson found living worm cysts in two samples out of every ten.

Among the 200 San Francisco autopsies, larger and larger percentages of infestation of the worms were found in the older age groups, suggesting that if only an American lives long enough he will be reasonably certain to get at least a mild case of trichina infestation from some sample of partly uncooked pork.

It often is said that Americans as a class need some spectacular and dramatic case to convince them of anything. Mere statistics do not impress them and accomplish nothing. If that is true, perhaps the story of what happened to the 33 members of the Hoerner family, their three nurses, their helpful neighbors and doubtless to all the family dogs and cats, may be the spectacular case which will make everybody remember that Moses was right about the dangers of "pink" and uncooked pork, and pay a little more attention to what doctors tell them.

AN EASY WAY TO TAKE OFF INCHES

No strenuous exercise, no starvation diet when you reduce the Ry-Krisp way

Just eat sensibly, exercise moderately and serve Ry-Krisp as your exclusive bread. That's how many movie stars stay slim and fit. That's how hundreds of men and women take off unwanted fat. Serve this Scandinavian style bread on your bread tray at every meal. Your family will like its teasing flavor and crunchy goodness, and it will help you take off pounds and inches. Only 20 calories in each wafer. Ralston Purina Company, St. Louis, Mo.

1. BEFORE 2. AFTER

Here's proof that Ry-Krisp helps take off fat, helps bring back youthful charm.
1. Marion Talley before reducing the Ry-Krisp way.
2. Miss Talley, today, weighs 106, looks years younger.

HEAR MARION TALLEY SING Sunday afternoon 5:00 PM, EST, NBC Red Network and other stations.

Are you Shelf-Conscious?

HAVE YOU some shabby shelves hid behind closed doors? For goodness sake, trim them up and show them off, for this is the day of decorating . . . and beautiful Royledge costs only 5¢ *for 9 feet!*

Royledge protects the shelf and decorates the *edge*, both. Lay it flat, fold over the strong, double, colorful edge to be admired for months. No tacking, no laundering, no fraying or dust-catching. Hangs straight, never curls up.

Royledge designs are brilliant and varied, to match any color scheme. All 5-and-10¢, neighborhood or department stores will show you Royledge . . . 5¢ for the 9-ft. package (10¢ sizes, too). *Buy Royledge* . . . and see how proud you are of your thrifty decorating ability!

Roylace, 99 Gold Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

NOTE:—When you need Doylies . . . buy ROYLIES . . . decorator-designed; radio-advertised! 5¢ and 10¢ packages!

9 FT. 5¢ "FEEL THE EDGE" Royledge SHELVING

A COLD UPSETS THIS BALANCE

Many doctors say a lowering of the alkaline side of the balance...an excess of acid in your system...is often the cause of colds. Because of this, Luden's have added an Alkaline Factor to their original formula.

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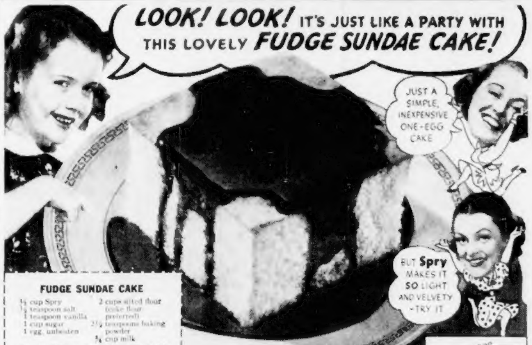
LOOK! LOOK! IT'S JUST LIKE A PARTY WITH THIS LOVELY FUDGE SUNDAE CAKE!
JUST A SIMPLE, INEXPENSIVE ONE-EGG CAKE
BUT Spry MAKES IT SO LIGHT AND VELVETY - TRY IT

FUDGE SUNDAE CAKE

½ cup Spry	2 cups sifted flour (cake flour preferred)
½ teaspoon salt	2½ teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon vanilla	¾ cup milk
1 cup sugar	
1 egg, unbeaten	

Combine Spry, salt and vanilla. Add sugar gradually and cream well. (*Now* you'll see why women say, "Spry's the creamiest shortening I ever used!") Add egg and beat thoroughly.

Sift flour and baking powder together 3 times. Add small amounts of flour to creamed mixture, alternately with milk, beating after each addition until smooth. Pour batter into 10 x 10 x 2-inch pan greased with Spry. Bake in moderately hot oven (375°F.) 35 to 40 minutes. Serve in squares with Chocolate Sundae Sauce. Serves 12.

CHOCOLATE SUNDAE SAUCE

2 ounces chocolate, cut in pieces	Dash of salt
½ cup water	1 tablespoon butter
1 cup sugar	¼ teaspoon vanilla

Combine chocolate and water in saucepan and cook over very low heat until blended. Add sugar, salt, and butter, and cook only a few minutes, or until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Add vanilla. Makes about 1 cup sauce.

(*All measurements in these recipes are level*)

In 6-lb., 3-lb. and 1-lb. cans

(*Clip and save this Spry recipe*)

So EASY to make

JUST try this recipe. You'll say you never mixed a cake so fast in all your life before. For Spry's so much *creamier*. Cooking experts of 281 home-making schools say, "Creamiest shortening I ever used!"

And what fine flavor *all* Spry-cooked foods have—cakes, biscuits, muffins, pastry, fried foods. So digestible, too. And no smoke when you fry with Spry. Try purer, ALL-vegetable Spry today. Use for all baking and frying. Get the big money-saving 3-lb. can. Spry stays fresh indefinitely on the kitchen shelf. No need to keep in refrigerator.

TRY Spry FOR PASTRY, TOO—SEE HOW TENDER AND FLAKY
FRY WITH Spry! FOODS ARE CRISPER, TASTIER
SO DIGESTIBLE A CHILD CAN EAT THEM

Spry The new, purer ALL-vegetable shortening TRIPLE-CREAMED!

TROPIC

NEW COAST·TO·COAST NAIL POLISH *COLOR SENSATION*

Joan Bennett, Charming Star of I Met My Love Again, a Walter Wanger Production.

TROPIC playground of Hollywood stars—Hawaii's sun-drenched beauty of golden sands and flaming flowers inspired Glazo's new color success—TROPIC.

"I love it," SAYS JOAN BENNETT

"I've adopted this gorgeous new Glazo shade for my very own," exclaims Miss Bennett, who is celebrated for her flawless taste as well as her golden beauty. "Tropic is the most exciting nail polish creation in years!"

TROPIC brings a flattering warmth to every shade of skin—a sparkling accent to the smart costume colors of spring. And, because it is Glazo's new Perfected Polish, TROPIC wears perfectly for days and days!

TROPIC *is Sweeping the Country!*

From Park Avenue to Hollywood—wherever women of fashion appear—TROPIC nail polish is seen on all the smartest fingers.

Warm, provocative, glowing—TROPIC is the essence of spring-time . . . . a prophecy of exciting new clothes, new places.

As Joan Bennett says: "Find out for yourself what fun it is to wear! Glazo is my favorite nail polish—and Glazo's new TROPIC is the absolutely perfect polish color!"

Your approval of Glazo's shades will include not only Tropic, but also the new Congo, Spice and Cabaña. Vary them with fashion-approved Thistle, Suntan, Old Rose, Russet, Dahlia, Flame, Shell and Natural.

Lead Fashion—Wear **TROPIC** *Now!*

Your favorite toilet goods counter—in every city and town from coast-to-coast—is featuring Glazo's latest color sensation. See how TROPIC adds new beauty to your hands and new zest to your life!

For a perfect manicure, apply TROPIC after using Glazo Polish Remover and Glazo Cuticle Remover. At all drug counters in extra-large sizes at 25¢.

Best of all—a nail polish shade that *men* like, too! The masculine eye lingers on TROPIC'S warm glow, approving its "come-hither" charm. And, of course, Glazo's superior lasting quality keeps the nails always groomed for critical inspection.

GLAZO'S *New Perfected Polish*

With its new, perfected polish, Glazo gives you these three, conclusive points of superiority:

1 LONG WEAR—the New Glazo wears for days and days without peeling, chipping or fading! It is slightly heavier, and provides extra "coverage." It was developed to meet demands for longer wear, from professional beauty experts and fashion leaders. It really *clings* to the nails!

2 EASE OF APPLICATION—every drop in the bottle of the new, heavier Glazo goes on easily, evenly, with a satin-smooth, *professional* finish. It will not streak or run down to the sides of the nail—and it dries quickly.

3 BRILLIANT LUSTRE—the new Glazo gleams with rich, full lustre. No fading or dullness, even when exposed to sun or water.

Glazo's new Perfected Polish gives all three points of excellence to these new Glazo shades: Tropic, Congo, Spice and Cabaña.

For fascinating variety, alternate all four of Glazo's stunning new shades:

TROPIC—*glowing, glamorous; flattering to all shades of skin and perfect with new spring costume colors.*

CONGO—*a subtle note with blonde skins; particularly right with all bright shades and multi-colored prints.*

SPICE—*exhilarating and fashionably different; wear it with grey, beige, pastels and all shades of blue.*

CABAÑA—*a herald of summer. It accompanies yellow, green, brown, beige and black. Wear it later, too, with suntanned skin and sports clothes.*

GLAZO
The Smart Manicure

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